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## The Command of the Sea.

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THERE seems to be great diversity of opinion as to the meaning and scope of the phrase, "command of the sea," as applied to our naval wars; and also a doubt whether, whatever may have been the benefits we have hitherto derived from the possession of this attribute, we can continue to secure them in future wars under the altered conditions consequent upon the substitution of steam for sails as the propelling power of ships. Moreover, there is, I think, a want of full appreciation of the consequences to this country that would result from a failure to possess this command of the sea, should our success or failure in a great war be found to depend upon it.

I will offer a few remarks on each of these points.

I. There are some who seem to understand that the phrase "command of the sea" implies so complete a mastery, by the presence of naval force, at all times and places, as should secure all British property afloat and on our coasts from injury by an enemy; or at least from such serious injury as would cause any material damage to the country. On the other hand, a percentage of numerical superiority over the French navy, more or less considerable, has sometimes been adopted as fulfilling all the necessary conditions.

A short review of our wars since the beginning of the last century, during which this country has upon the whole, and with more or less completeness, held the command of the sea, may enable us to form a definite idea of the meaning we should attach to the expression, for the practical purposes of the future.

In the war of the Spanish Succession, the maintenance of the

English army on the Continent during the campaigns of Marlborough was rendered possible because its communications with England were secured; the command of the sea having been previously fought for and acquired by England at the battle of La Hogue. The English military operations in Spain were at the same time carried on, and the capture of Gibraltar and Minorca effected, under the necessary condition that the supremacy in the adjacent seas was held by British fleets.

In this war, in 1708, an attempt was made to invade Scotland with a French fleet, conveying an army of five or six thousand men, commanded respectively by the Comte de Forbin and Maréchal de Matignon, and accompanied by the Chévalier de St. George, James II.'s son. They were assembled at Dunkirk; they evaded the blockade of a superior English fleet under Sir John Byng, and appeared in the Firth of Forth. But being closely followed up by Byng, they slipped past him and got back to France without landing a man.

The Seven Years' War was illustrated by two brilliant military exploits—small in scale, but involving results of immense value to the nation—viz. the capture of Quebec, and the capture of Calcutta and battle of Plassey. Both of these absolutely depended upon the supremacy of the Navy in the adjacent seas.

In this war also the first great effort was made to apply the resources of modern warfare to the invasion of England. At its commencement, in 1756, our enemy, France, "knowing that the British nation had a very poor opinion of the abilities of their Ministry, and that they placed no kind of confidence in them" (Beatson's 'Naval and Military Memoirs'), was prompted to threaten the invasion of Great Britain. The English Government issued a proclamation, ordering that all horses, cattle, and provisions should be driven and removed at least twenty miles from the place of French disembarkation, and called upon Hesse Cassel and Holland for the troops they were respectively bound by treaty to furnish in such a contingency. The claim upon Holland was, however, waived out of consideration for the embarrassment of the Dutch, who were told by the French ambassador at the Hague that the treaty only provided for the case in which England was attacked by the French, whereas in this case it was France who was attacked by England. Fortunately, the Opposition was led by Mr. Pitt, who inveighed against the bringing over of foreign troops to defend the kingdom; and averred that Great Britain had spirit enough to defend



herself if her strength was properly exerted ; and indeed, on comparing the relative naval strength of England and France at that very time, it was found that England had one hundred ships of the line, thirty-three of fifty guns, and seventy-two frigates, besides sloops ; and France only seventy-two ships of the line, ten of fifty guns, and thirty-six frigates, with a few sloops.

The threat of invasion on this occasion appears, however, to have been a feint to deceive a weak government, whilst the true attack was made on Minorca, which was accordingly captured. The English ministry were dismissed a few months afterwards, and replaced by a ministry led by Mr. Pitt—one of the preliminaries of taking office being that the foreign troops which had been brought into England should be sent home.

I have dwelt fully on this incident of 1756, because it shows how necessary it is that the armed forces of the Empire should be, in war, in the hands of a statesman competent to wield them as a whole with vigour and firmness ; and how surely the spirit of the nation droops in critical circumstances at the spectacle of panic and incompetence in its rulers.

The scheme for the invasion of England was renewed in 1759 with greater energy and determination. The invasion was to take place in Ireland as well as England ; and a raid was to be made at the same time in Scotland. It is to be observed that the conviction on both sides was that it could only be successfully accomplished by the acquisition of the local command of the sea by the French. Mr. Pitt, as is well known, met this scheme by watching the enemy's fleets in their own ports with superior fleets, and defeating them when they came out. A flotilla of flat-bottomed boats, which had been prepared at Havre de Grâce for conveying the troops, was bombarded by Rodney, who commanded a squadron employed for the purpose, independently of the home fleet in the Downs.

Thus the army intended for this formidable invasion was prevented from leaving its own shores ; and it should be noted that though Pitt did not neglect to provide for the defeat of any portion of it that might reach English soil by the militia and regular forces stationed at home, yet he did not hesitate to send out succours to our Continental army, which this year fought at Minden ; to the Colonies in America and the West Indies ; and to the East Indies ; besides the expedition under Wolfe to Quebec.

In the War of American Independence, the celebrated defence of Gibraltar, for three years and a half, against the combined forces of Spain and France, was accomplished because England was able, in three successive years, to send out the necessary supplies convoyed by fleets powerful enough to overcome the resistance that the fleets of those nations could oppose to them.

But at the time the second of these great convoying fleets, under Admiral Darby, was leaving England (in March 1781), a French fleet under Comte de Grasse sailed from Brest, first for the West Indies, and thence for North America; where his arrival gave the command of the sea to the Americans and French. General Washington and Comte de Rochambeau were then preparing to attack Sir Henry Clinton at New York, as soon as the arrival of De Grasse at Sandy Hook should ensure to them local supremacy at sea; but on hearing that De Grasse was going to the Chesapeake, those generals immediately shifted the theatre of their operations to Virginia, where Lord Cornwallis was engaged in active hostilities. The English squadron being driven from the Chesapeake by De Grasse, Lord Cornwallis, deprived of its support, was forced to surrender at York-town; and an adverse termination of the war consequently ensued.

This catastrophe could not have been prevented by Admiral Darby's fleet after it had relieved Gibraltar, because he was obliged to hasten back to England in order to keep in check the combined French and Spanish European fleets, which actually appeared in the Channel in very superior force to his own.

During the French revolutionary war, the transfer of naval supremacy in the Mediterranean from England to France in 1796, in consequence of the change of alliance of Spain, resulted in the seizure of Malta and the conquest of Egypt by France; and the re-acquisition of naval supremacy in the Mediterranean by England, in consequence of the battle of the Nile, resulted in the recapture of Malta by English blockade, and the defeat and surrender of the French army in Egypt to an English army.

But the events of the war that were of the greatest interest and importance to England were the threatened invasion, and the Peninsular campaigns. The first of these has many of the leading features of the attempt of 1759, from which it differs chiefly in the magnitude of its proportions, and the matchless skill with which every means that human ingenuity and energy

could devise were lavished by Napoleon to ensure its success. Both parties recognized, as before, that the command of the sea by France was a necessary condition to success, this recognition being stamped on this occasion with the sanction of Napoleon ; and England took the same steps to prevent it, viz. watching the fleets of France in its own ports, and defeating them as soon as possible when they emerged from them. The result in this as in the former attempt was failure so complete that the invading armies never left their own harbours.

Of the Peninsular campaigns it is only necessary to mention briefly that before they began, or indeed were possible, the command of the sea had been permanently confirmed and secured by the battle of Trafalgar ; so that the supplies necessary to maintain the army travelled from England to Portugal, across the Channel and Atlantic ports of France, as safely and punctually as they travelled along the roads of England.

It appears from this summary that the local supremacy on the seas adjacent to any military operations England may be engaged in elsewhere than on her own soil, and also between the army and the source of its supplies, is a necessary condition of success ; that she has almost always held this supremacy ; and that when she has not done so she has suffered disaster. It also appears that, on any projected invasion of our soil—and this would apply to British soil in any part of the world—the enemy's fleet to be employed in the operation should be watched and dealt with, by English fleets capable of defeating them, as near as possible to their own ports, and not waited for near our own shores which are threatened with invasion.

The "command of the sea" therefore, as regards fleets of war-ships, involves a naval strength capable of attaining these objects ; but how much the attainment depends upon the capacity of the statesman who wields the forces of the Empire, even when the naval strength is sufficient, is shown by a comparison of the events of 1756 and 1759.

With regard to the measures necessary for the protection of our sea-borne commerce, the experience of former wars is of less value because it is admitted that the system of convoys would not now be generally applicable. I believe that Sir Geoffrey Hornby has laid down the true principles on which this should now be provided for, viz. by maintaining on those areas in the great highways of ocean commerce, where the ships carrying it necessarily converge, adequate squadrons of fast

cruisers on whose activity the protection of our commerce would mainly depend.

From these remarks it would follow that the expression "command of the sea" may be defined, for practical purposes, as such a superiority of naval strength, in all its branches, as shall, if properly applied, prevent any possible combination of enemies from doing this Empire vital or very serious injury at sea, or on any of its coasts; and shall also secure the communications with England of our army in India, and wherever else English military forces may be employed in war, either in the Colonies or on foreign soil.

II. But is the maintenance of such supremacy at sea practicable in future under the altered conditions of naval warfare consequent on the substitution of steam for sails as the means of propulsion?

I believe that no naval officer who has examined this question—and least of all amongst those naval officers who have been trained under the altered conditions—has ever answered in the negative. Experience tells us that in order to maintain our supremacy at sea we must watch the enemy's fleets in their own harbours with superior fleets, and defeat them as soon as possible after they come out. The relative numerical strength necessary to do this in future may be greater than heretofore, but it is perhaps capable of being more accurately ascertained, being less liable to be affected by varying and fortuitous causes.

The numerical strength of the fleet necessary to perform this duty off any enemy's harbour must consist, as has been shown by Sir Geoffrey Hornby, not only of the ships immediately engaged in it, but also of additional ships, varying in number according to the distance of the nearest coaling-station; and, if that coaling-station be not also a port for docking and repairs, a further proportional addition to the numerical strength of the fleet will be required. This system is applicable to all the naval harbours of our enemies, and also to the squadrons of cruisers employed to protect our commerce in all parts of the world.

In addition, a reserve fleet in home waters ought to be maintained.

From calculations such as these an estimate may be formed of the naval strength required by us in future; not indeed closely approximate, but probably more so than could have been framed in former times.

Two formidable objections have been sometimes made to the

proposal to re-establish our naval supremacy ; (a) the country will not stand the expense ; and (b) blockades are no longer, possible.

(a) With regard to the expense, I am not qualified to give an opinion that should have any sort of authority. But I found from reliable data that between 1837 and 1887 the proportion the sums paid for the Navy bore to the commerce of the country went down from more than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to less than 2 per cent.; and that, during the same period, whilst the proportion of naval expenditure to the income of the country remained very nearly the same, the proportion of taxation to income had been reduced nearly one-third. Subject to correction, I would submit that no conceivable increase of naval strength that might be necessary to secure our naval supremacy would raise its cost, either considered as an insurance upon our commerce or as a charge upon the national income, to a level approaching that of 1837.

(b) With reference to the possibility of maintaining blockades in future, much error prevails owing to a misapprehension of the sense in which that very elastic word is used when applied to naval operations ; and I think that error has been rather confirmed by the naval evolutions of last year. In our naval wars it has not been the object of our blockading fleets (ours being the superior Navy) to keep the enemy's fleets in harbour, but to defeat them when they come out. On the other hand, it has been the object of the enemy's fleets (theirs being the inferior Navy) to remain in harbour behind their fortifications, except when their presence elsewhere was required to co-operate in some undertaking of sufficient importance to incur the risk of defeat by coming out. To suppose that the case stands thus :—whereas in former wars the enemy's fleets were kept in harbour for many months by blockade, in our last year's evolutions the blockaded fleets escaped in a week—is a delusion. When those enemy's fleets wanted to come out, they did so ; and frequently the "blockading" fleets were far from the enemy's ports on such occasions. When De Conflans came out of Brest, Hawke was in Torbay ; when De la Clue came out of Toulon, Boscawen was at Gibraltar refitting ; when Villeneuve came out of Toulon in January 1805, Nelson was in Agincourt Sound, in the Straits of Bonifaccio ; when he came out in March, Nelson was in Palma Bay, south west of Sardinia. It was the business of the English Admirals to fight the French



fleets before they could accomplish their objects, and they did so ; though a month had elapsed after Villeneuve sailed from Toulon ere Nelson could find out where he had gone to.

If therefore it be admitted that strictly blockaded fleets can escape more readily under steam than with sails, no great blow is struck at the method of warfare which has hitherto been successful.

But the evolutions of last year brought into prominence another defect in the blockading force : the absence of a sufficient number of auxiliary swift cruisers. Let us suppose a cordon of such cruisers at a considerable distance from the harbour when the enemy's fleet comes out. These vessels will almost certainly see the evading fleet, and mark its course ; and the "blockading" fleet, wherever it may be, will be on its track in a less number of hours than that of the days consumed by Lord Nelson in anxious doubt.

It does not appear from these considerations that the maintenance of such supremacy at sea as is defined above will be impracticable in future under the altered conditions of naval warfare.

III. What would be the consequences to this country, should we fail to possess the "command of the sea," as above defined ?

It is evident that these consequences must in every case be more or less calamitous. (1st.) We could not with prudence employ the army out of England, as its communications would be liable at any time to be cut off. This would hold good (unless the loss of naval supremacy were merely momentary and local) with India, the Colonies, the coaling stations, and our fortresses abroad. We should also be precluded from sending military expeditions abroad, either of the nature of attacks on particular points, such as those under Wolfe and Abercromby, or of war on a larger scale, such as the campaigns of Marlborough and Wellington. In short, by starving the Navy we should paralyse the Army.

(2ndly.) In case of threatened invasion we could not forbid the approach of the invading force to our own shores. Its landing would depend upon the power of our land forces and fortifications to prevent it, though supported by a fleet superior to our own. If landed, with its sea-communications secure, the result could hardly be contemplated with extreme confidence.

(3rdly.) However effective our command of the sea may be, there will, in a naval war, be many captures of our merchant



ships by single adventurous cruisers acting after the manner of privateers; but apart from this, the effect upon our commerce, even of a merely temporary and local loss of protection, would be disastrous. But should it be found that from naval weakness we are incapable of protecting the bulk of our trade from destruction by the enemy, the shock to confidence and credit will be a fatal aggravation of the actual loss of property. The deprivation of food, and of the raw materials of manufacture, will very shortly occasion misery and anarchy in such measure as will render invasion superfluous as a means of subjugating the country.

What the consequences of that subjugation would be may be seen in the fate of Prussia in 1807, and of France in 1871, except by those who are sanguine enough to anticipate for England gentler treatment than those nations received. But let us look further. The nations mentioned were military monarchies depending upon the strength of their armies; and the conqueror in each case endeavoured, in the conditions of peace he forced upon his antagonist, permanently to weaken his military power; with how futile a result is shown in the military position of Prussia from 1814 to the present time; and in a comparison between the real military strength of France now and in the time of Louis Napoleon and Maréchal le Bœuf.

But the power of the British Empire does not depend, as in those nations, upon its military strength; it depends upon a Navy deriving its existence from vast commercial resources and financial credit. Should the British Empire be conquered in war, those vast commercial resources and financial credit will be crushed by its conquerors. Is it possible that these, like the armies of Prussia and France, can rise again in equal or greater strength than before? Many will answer, No: these, if once lost in war, are lost for ever.

E. G. FANSHAWE.



## Derrick Vaughan—Novelist.

BY EDNA LYALL.

AUTHOR OF "DONOVAN," "WE TWO," "IN THE GOLDEN DAYS," "KNIGHT-ERRANT," &c.

"It is only through deep sympathy that a man can become a great artist."—LEWES'S *Life of Goethe*.

"Sympathy is feeling related to an object, whilst sentiment is the same feeling seeking itself alone."—ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

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### CHAPTER IV.

"Both Goethe and Schiller were profoundly convinced that Art was no luxury of leisure, no mere amusement to charm the idle, or relax the careworn; but a mighty influence, serious in its aims although pleasurable in its means; a sister of Religion, by whose aid the great world-scheme was wrought into reality."—LEWES'S *Life of Goethe*.

MAN is a selfish being, and I am a particularly fine specimen of the race as far as that characteristic goes. If I had had a dozen drunken parents I should never have danced attendance on one of them; yet in my secret soul I admired Derrick for the line he had taken, for we mostly do admire what is unlike ourselves and really noble, though it is the fashion to seem totally indifferent to everything in heaven and earth. But all the same I felt annoyed about the whole business, and was glad to forget it in my own affairs at Mondisfield.

Weeks passed by. I lived through a midsummer dream of happiness, and a hard awaking. That, however, has nothing to do with Derrick's story, and may be passed over. In October I settled down in Montague Street, Bloomsbury, and began to read for the Bar, in about as disagreeable a frame of mind as can be conceived. One morning I found on my breakfast table a letter in Derrick's handwriting. Like most men, we hardly ever

corresponded—what women say in the eternal letters they send to each other I can't conceive—but it struck me that under the circumstances I ought to have sent him a line to ask how he was getting on, and my conscience pricked me as I remembered that I had hardly thought of him since we parted, being absorbed in my own matters. The letter was not very long, but when one read between the lines it somehow told a good deal. I have it lying by me, and this is a copy of it:—

"DEAR SYDNEY,—Do like a good fellow go to North Audley Street for me, to the house which I described to you as the one where Lynwood lodged, and tell me what he would see besides the church from his window—if shops, what kind? Also if any glimpse of Oxford Street would be visible. Then if you'll add to your favours by getting me a secondhand copy of Laveleye's '*Socialisme Contemporain*,' I should be for ever grateful. We are settled in here all right. Bath is empty, but I people it as far as I can with the folk out of '*Evelina*' and '*Persuasion*.' How did you get on at Blachington? and which of the Misses Merrifield went in the end? Don't bother about the commissions. Any time will do. Ever yours,

"DERRICK VAUGHAN."

Poor old fellow! all the spirit seemed knocked out of him. There was not one word about the Major, and who could say what wretchedness was veiled in that curt phrase, "we are settled in all right"? All right! it was all as wrong as it could be! My blood began to boil at the thought of Derrick, with his great powers—his wonderful gift—cooped up in a place where the study of life was so limited and so dull. Then there was his hunger for news of Freda, and his silence as to what had kept him away from Blachington, and about all a sort of proud humility which prevented him from saying much that I should have expected him to say under the circumstances.

It was Saturday, and my time was my own. I went out, got his book for him; interviewed North Audley Street; spent a bad five minutes in company with that villain 'Bradshaw,' who is responsible for so much of the brain and eye disease of the nineteenth century, and finally left Paddington in the Flying Dutchman, which landed me at Bath early in the afternoon. I left my portmanteau at the station, and walked through the city till I reached Gay Street. Like most of the streets of Bath, it was broad, and had on either hand dull, well-built, dark grey, eminently respectable, unutterably dreary-looking houses. I

rang, and the door was opened to me by a most quaint old woman, evidently the landlady. An odour of curry pervaded the passage, and became more oppressive as the door of the sitting-room was opened, and I was ushered in upon the Major and his son, who had just finished lunch.

"Hullo!" cried Derrick, springing up, his face full of delight which touched me, while at the same time it filled me with envy.

Even the Major thought fit to give me a hearty welcome.

"Glad to see you again," he said pleasantly enough. "It's a relief to have a fresh face to look at. We have a room which is quite at your disposal, and I hope you'll stay with us. Brought your portmanteau, eh?"

"It is at the station," I replied.

"See that it is sent for," he said to Derrick; "and show Mr. Wharnccliffe all that is to be seen in this cursed hole of a place." Then, turning again to me, "Have you lunched? Very well, then, don't waste this fine afternoon in an invalid's room, but be off and enjoy yourself."

So cordial was the old man, that I should have thought him already a reformed character, had I not found that he kept the rough side of his tongue for home use. Derrick placed a novel and a small hand-bell within his reach, and we were just going, when we were checked by a volley of oaths from the Major; then a book came flying across the room, well-aimed at Derrick's head. He stepped aside, and let it fall with a crash on the sideboard.

"What do you mean by giving me the second volume when you know I am in the third?" fumed the invalid.

He apologised quietly, fetched the third volume, straightened the disordered leaves of the discarded second, and with the air of one well accustomed to such little domestic scenes, took up his hat and came out with me.

"How long do you intend to go on playing David to the Major's Saul?" I asked, marvelling at the way in which he endured the humours of his father.

"As long as I have the chance," he replied. "I say, are you sure you won't mind staying with us? It can't be a very comfortable household for an outsider."

"Much better than for an insider, to all appearance," I replied. "I'm only too delighted to stay. And now, old fellow, tell me the honest truth—you didn't, you know, in your letter—how have you been getting on?"

Derrick launched into an account of his father's ailments.

"Oh, hang the Major! I don't care about him, I want to know about you," I cried.

"About me?" said Derrick doubtfully. "Oh, I'm right enough!"

"What do you do with yourself? How on earth do you kill time?" I asked. "Come, give me a full, true, and particular account of it all."

"We have tried three other servants," said Derrick; "but the plan doesn't answer. They either won't stand it, or else they are bribed into smuggling brandy into the house. I find I can do most things for my father, and in the morning he has an attendant from the hospital who is trustworthy, and who does what is necessary for him. At ten we breakfast together, then there are the morning papers which he likes to have read to him. After that I go round to the Pump Room with him—odd contrast now to what it must have been when Bath was the rage. Then we have lunch. In the afternoon, if he is well enough, we drive; if not, he sleeps, and I get a walk. Later on an old Indian friend of his will sometimes drop in; if not, he likes to be read to until dinner. After dinner we play chess—he is a first-rate player. At ten I help him to bed; from eleven to twelve I smoke and study Socialism and all the rest of it that Lynwood is at present floundering in."

"Why don't you write then?"

"I tried it, but it didn't answer. I couldn't sleep after it, and was in fact too tired; seems absurd to be tired after such a day as that, but somehow it takes it out of one more than the hardest reading; I don't know why."

"Why," I said angrily, "it's because it is work to which you are quite unsuited—work for a thick-skinned, hard-hearted, uncultivated and well-paid attendant, not for the novelist who is to be the chief light of our generation."

He laughed at this estimate of his powers.

"Novelists, like other cattle, have to obey their owner," he said lightly.

I thought for a moment that he meant the Major, and was breaking into an angry remonstrance, when I saw that he meant something quite different. It was always his strongest point, this extraordinary consciousness of right, this unwavering belief that he had to do and therefore could do certain things. Without this, I know that he never wrote a line, and in my heart I believe that this was the cause of his success.

"Then you are not writing at all?" I asked.

"Yes, I write generally for a couple of hours before breakfast," he said.

And that evening we sat by his gas stove and he read me the next four chapters of 'Lynwood.' He had rather a dismal lodging-house bed-room, with faded wall-paper and prosaic snuff-coloured carpet. On a rickety table in the window was his desk, and a portfolio full of blue foolscap, but he had done what he could to make the place habitable; his Oxford pictures were on the walls—Hoffmann's "Christ speaking to the Woman taken in Adultery" hanging over the mantelpiece—it had always been a favourite of his. I remember that, as he read the description of Lynwood and his wife, I kept looking from him to the Christ in the picture, till I could almost have fancied that each face bore the same expression. Had his strange monotonous life with that old brute of a Major brought him some new perception of those words, "Neither do I condemn thee"? But when he stopped reading, I, true to my character, forgot his affairs in my own, and we sat talking far into the night—talking of that luckless month at Mondisfield, of all the problems it had opened up, and of my wretchedness.

"You were in town all September?" he asked; "you gave up Blachington?"

"Yes," I replied. "What did I care for country houses in such a mood as that?"

He acquiesced, and I went on talking of my grievances, and it was not till I was in the train, on my way back to London, that I remembered how a look of disappointment had passed over his face just at the moment. Evidently he had counted on learning something about Freda from me, and I—well, I had clean forgotten both her existence and his passionate love.

Something, probably self-interest, the desire for my friend's company, and so forth, took me down to Bath pretty frequently in those days; luckily the Major had a sort of liking for me, and was always polite enough; and dear old Derrick,—well, I believe my visits really helped to brighten him up. At any rate he said he couldn't have borne his life without them, and for a sceptical, dismal, cynical, fellow like me to hear that was somehow flattering. The mere force of contrast did me good. I used to come back on the Monday wondering that Derrick didn't cut his throat, and realizing that, after all, it was something to be a free agent, and to have comfortable rooms in Montague



Street, with no old bear of a drunkard to disturb my peace. And then a sort of admiration sprang up in my heart, and the cynicism bred of melancholy broodings over solitary pipes was less rampant than usual.

It was, I think, early in the new year that I met Lawrence Vaughan in Bath. He was not staying at Gay Street, so I could still have the vacant room next to Derrick's. Lawrence put up at the York House Hotel.

"For you know," he informed me, "I really can't stand the governor for more than an hour or two at a time."

"Derrick manages to do it," I said.

"Oh, Derrick, yes," he replied, "it's his *métier*, and he is well-accustomed to the life. Besides, you know, he is such a dreamy quiet sort of fellow; he lives all the time in a world of his own creation, and bears the discomforts of this world with great philosophy. Actually he has turned teetotaler! It would kill me in a week."

I make a point of never arguing with a fellow like that, but I think I had a vindictive longing, as I looked at him, to shut him up with the Major for a month, and see what would happen.

These twin brothers were curiously alike in face and curiously unlike in nature. So much for the great science of physiognomy. It often seemed to me that they were the complement of each other. For instance, Derrick in society was extremely silent, Lawrence was a rattling talker; Derrick, when alone with you, would now and then reveal unsuspected depths of thought and expression; Lawrence, when alone with you, very frequently showed himself to be a cad. The elder twin was modest and diffident, the younger inclined to brag; the one had a strong tendency to melancholy, the other was blest or curst with the sort of temperament which has been said to accompany "a hard heart and a good digestion."

I was not surprised to find that the son who could not tolerate the governor's presence for more than an hour or two, was a prime favourite with the old man: that was just the way of the world. Of course, the Major was as polite as possible to him; Derrick got the kicks and Lawrence the halfpence.

In the evenings we played whist, Lawrence coming in after dinner, "For, you know," he explained to me, "I really couldn't get through a meal with nothing but those infernal mineral waters to wash it down."

And here I must own that at my first visit I had sailed rather

close to the wind: for when the Major, like the Hatter in "Alice," pressed me to take wine, I—not seeing any—had answered that I did not take it; mentally adding the words, "in your house, you brute!"

The two brothers were fond of each other after a fashion. But Derrick was human, and had his faults like the rest of us; and I am pretty sure he did not much enjoy the sight of his father's foolish and unreasoning devotion to Lawrence. If you come to think of it, he would have been a full-fledged angel if no jealous pang, no reflection that it was rather rough on him, had crossed his mind, when he saw his younger brother treated with every mark of respect and liking, and knew that Lawrence would never stir a finger really to help the poor fractious invalid. Unluckily they happened one night to get on the subject of professions.

"It's a comfort," said the Major in his sarcastic way, "to have a fellow-soldier to talk to instead of a quill-driver, who as yet is not even a penny-a-liner. Eh, Derrick? Don't you feel inclined to regret your fool's choice now? You might have been starting off for the war with Lawrence next week, if you hadn't chosen what you're pleased to call a literary life. Literary life, indeed! I little thought a son of mine would ever have been so wanting in spirit as to prefer dabbling in ink to a life of action—to be the scribbler of mere words, rather than an officer of dragoons."

Then to my astonishment Derrick sprang to his feet in hot indignation. I never saw him look so handsome, before or since; for his anger was not the distorting devilish anger that the Major gave way to, but real downright wrath.

"You speak contemptuously of mere novels," he said in a low voice, yet more clearly than usual and as if the words were wrung out of him. "What right have you to look down on one of the greatest weapons of the day? and why is a writer to submit to scoffs and insults and tamely to hear his profession reviled? I have chosen to write the message that has been given me, and I don't regret the choice. Should I have shown greater spirit if I had sold my freedom and right of judgment to be one of the national killing machines?"

With that he threw down his cards and strode out of the room in a white heat of anger. It was a pity he made that last remark, for it put him in the wrong and needlessly annoyed Lawrence and the Major. But an angry man has no time to

weigh his words, and, as I said, poor old Derrick was very human, and when wounded too intolerably could on occasion retaliate.

The Major uttered an oath and looked in astonishment at the retreating figure. Derrick was such an extraordinarily quiet, respectful, long-suffering son as a rule, that this outburst was startling in the extreme. Moreover, it spoilt the game, and the old man, chafed by the result of his own ill-nature, and helpless to bring back his partner, was forced to betake himself to chess. I left him grumbling away to Lawrence about the vanity of authors, and went out in the hope of finding Derrick. As I left the house I saw someone turn the corner into the Circus, and starting in pursuit, overtook the tall dark figure where Bennett Street opens on to the Lansdowne Hill.

"I'm glad you spoke up, old fellow," I said, taking his arm.

He modified his pace a little. "Why is it," he exclaimed, "that every other profession can be taken seriously, but that a novelist's work is supposed to be mere play? Good God! don't we suffer enough? Have we not hard brain work and drudgery of desk work and tedious gathering of statistics and troublesome search into details? Have we not an appalling weight of responsibility on us?—and are we not at the mercy of a thousand capricious chances?"

"Come now," I exclaimed, "you know that you are never so happy as when you are writing."

"Of course," he replied; "but that doesn't make me resent such an attack the less. Besides, you don't know what it is to have to write in such an atmosphere as ours; it's like a weight on one's pen. This life here is not life at all—it's a daily death, and it's killing the book too; the last chapters are wretched, I'm utterly dissatisfied with them."

"As for that," I said calmly, "you are no judge at all. You never can tell the worth of your own work; the last bit is splendid."

"I could have done it better," he groaned. "But there is always a ghastly depression dragging one back here—and then the time is so short; just as one gets into the swing of it the breakfast bell rings, and then comes——" He broke off.

I could well supply the end of the sentence, however, for I knew that then came the slow torture of a *tête-à-tête* day with the Major, stinging sarcasms, humiliating scoldings, vexations and difficulties innumerable.

I drew him to the left, having no mind to go to the top of the

hill. We slackened our pace again and walked to and fro along the broad level pavement of Lansdowne Crescent. We had it entirely to ourselves—not another creature was in sight.

"I could bear it all," he burst forth, "if only there was a chance of seeing Freda. Oh, you are better off than I am—at least you know the worst. Your hope is killed, but mine lives on a tortured, starved life! Would to God I had never seen her!"

Certainly before that night I had never quite realized the irrevocableness of poor Derrick's passion. I had half hoped that time and separation would gradually efface Freda Merrifield from his memory; and I listened with a dire foreboding to the flood of wretchedness which he poured forth as we paced up and down, thinking now and then how little people guessed at the tremendous powers hidden under his usually quiet exterior.

At length he paused, but his last heart-broken words seemed to vibrate in the air and to force me to speak some kind of comfort.

"Derrick," I said, "come back with me to London—give up this miserable life."

I felt him start a little; evidently no thought of yielding had come to him before. We were passing the house that used to belong to that strange book-lover and recluse, Beckford. I looked up at the blank windows, and thought of that curious, self-centred life in the past, surrounded by every luxury, able to indulge every whim; and then I looked at my companion's pale, tortured face, and thought of the life he had elected to lead in the hope of saving one whom duty bound him to honour. After all, which life was the most worth living—which was the most to be admired?

We walked on: down below us and up on the further hill we could see the lights of Bath; the place so beautiful by day looked now like a fairy city, and the Abbey, looming up against the moon-lit sky, seemed like some great giant keeping watch over the clustering roofs below. The well-known chimes rang out into the night and the clock struck ten.

"I must go back," said Derrick quietly. "My father will want to get to bed."

I couldn't say a word; we turned, passed Beckford's house once more, walked briskly down the hill, and reached the Gay Street lodging-house. I remember the stifling heat of the room as we entered it, and its contrast to the cool, dark, winter's night

outside. I can vividly recall, too, the old Major's face as he looked up with a sarcastic remark, but with a shade of anxiety in his bloodshot eyes. He was leaning back in a green-cushioned chair, and his ghastly yellow complexion seemed to me more noticeable than usual—his scanty grey hair and whiskers, the lines of pain so plainly visible in his face, impressed me curiously. I think I had never before realized what a wreck of a man he was—how utterly dependent on others.

Lawrence, who, to do him justice, had a good deal of tact, and who, I believe, cared for his brother as much as he was capable of caring for anyone but himself, repeated a good story with which he had been enlivening the Major, and I did what I could to keep up the talk. Derrick meanwhile put away the chessmen, and lighted the Major's candle. He even managed to force up a laugh at Lawrence's story, and, as he helped his father out of the room, I think I was the only one who noticed the look of tired endurance in his eyes.

#### CHAPTER V.

"I know

How far high failure overtops the bounds  
Of low successes. Only suffering draws  
The inner heart of song, and can elicit  
The perfumes of the soul."—*Epic of Hades.*

Next week, Lawrence went off like a hero to the war; and my friend—also I think like a hero—stayed on at Bath, enduring as best he could the worst form of loneliness; for undoubtedly there is no loneliness so frightful as constant companionship with an uncongenial person. He had, however, one consolation: the Major's health steadily improved, under the joint influence of total abstinence and Bath waters, and, with the improvement, his temper became a little better.

But one Saturday, when I had run down to Bath without writing beforehand, I suddenly found a different state of things. In Orange Grove I met Dr. Mackrill, the Major's medical man; he used now and then to play whist with us on Saturday nights, and I stopped to speak to him.

"Oh! you've come down again. That's all right!" he said. "Your friend wants someone to cheer him up. He's got his arm broken."

"How on earth did he manage that?" I asked.



"Well, that's more than I can tell you," said the Doctor, with an odd look in his eyes, as if he guessed more than he would put into words. "All I can get out of him was that it was done accidentally. The Major is not so well—no whist for us to-night I'm afraid." He passed on, and I made my way to Gay Street. There was an air of mystery about the quaint old landlady; she looked brimful of news when she opened the door to me—but she managed to "keep herself to herself," and showed me in upon the Major and Derrick, rather triumphantly I thought. The Major looked terribly ill—worse than I had ever seen him, and, as for Derrick, he had the strangest look of shrinking and shame-facedness you ever saw. He said he was glad to see me, but I knew that he lied. He would have given anything to have kept me away.

"Broken your arm?" I exclaimed, feeling bound to take some notice of the sling.

"Yes," he replied, "I met with an accident to it. But luckily it's only the left one, so it doesn't hinder me much! I have finished seven chapters of the last volume of 'Lynwood,' and was just wanting to ask you a legal question."

All this time his eyes bore my scrutiny defiantly; they seemed to dare me to say one other word about the broken arm. I didn't dare—indeed to this day I have never mentioned the subject to him.

But that evening, while he was helping the Major to bed, the old landlady made some pretext for toiling up to the top of the house, where I sat smoking in Derrick's room.

"You'll excuse my making bold to speak to you, sir," she said. I threw down my newspaper, and, looking up, saw that she was bubbling over with some story.

"Well?" I said, encouragingly.

"It's about Mr. Vaughan, sir, I wanted to speak to you. I really do think, sir, it's not safe he should be left alone with his father, sir, any longer. Such doings as we had here the other day, sir! Somehow or other—and none of us can't think how—the Major had managed to get hold of a bottle of brandy. How he had it I don't know; but we none of us suspected him, and in the afternoon he says he was too poorly to go for a drive or to go out in his chair, and settles off on the parlour sofa for a nap while Mr. Vaughan goes out for a walk. Mr. Vaughan was out a couple of hours. I heard him come in and go into the sitting-room; then there came sounds of voices, and a



scuffling of feet and moving of chairs, and I knew something was wrong and hurried up to the door—and just then came a crash like fire-irons, and I could hear the Major a-swearing fearful. Not hearing a sound from Mr. Vaughan, I got scared, sir, and opened the door, and there I saw the Major a-leaning up against the mantel-piece as drunk as a lord, and his son seemed to have got the bottle from him; it was half empty, and when he saw me he just handed it to me and ordered me to take it away. Then between us we got the Major to lie down on the sofa and left him there. When we got out into the passage Mr. Vaughan he leant against the wall for a minute, looking as white as a sheet, and then I noticed for the first time that his left arm was hanging down at his side. "Lord! sir," I cried, "your arm's broken." And he went all at once as red as he had been pale just before, and said he had got it done accidentally, and bade me say nothing about it, and walked off there and then to the doctor's, and had it set. But, sir, given a man drunk as the Major was, and given a scuffle to get away the drink that was poisoning him, and given a crash such as I heard, and given a poker a-lying in the middle of the room where it stands to reason no poker could get unless it was thrown—why, sir, no sensible woman who can put two and two together can doubt that it was all the Major's doing."

"Yes," I said, "that is clear enough; but for Mr. Vaughan's sake we must hush it up; and, as for safety, why, the Major is hardly strong enough to do him any worse damage than that."

The good old thing wiped away a tear from her eyes. She was very fond of Derrick, and it went to her heart that he should lead such a dog's life.

I said what I could to comfort her, and she went down again, fearful lest he should discover her upstairs and guess that she had opened her heart to me.

Poor Derrick! That he of all people on earth should be mixed up with such a police-court story—with drunkards, and violence, and pokers figuring in it! I lay back in the camp chair and looked at Hoffman's 'Christ,' and thought of all the extraordinary problems that one is for ever coming across in life. And I wondered whether the people of Bath who saw the tall, impassive-looking, hazel-eyed son and the invalid father in their daily pilgrimages to the Pump Room, or in church on Sunday, or in the Park on sunny afternoons, had the least notion

of the tragedy that was going on. My reflections were interrupted by his entrance. He had forced up a cheerfulness that I am sure he didn't really feel, and seemed afraid of letting our talk flag for a moment. I remember, too, that for the first time he offered to read me his novel, instead of as usual waiting for me to ask to hear it. I can see him now, fetching the untidy portfolio and turning over the pages, adroitly enough, as though anxious to show how immaterial was the loss of a left arm. That night I listened to the first half of the third volume of 'Lynwood's Heritage,' and couldn't help reflecting that its author seemed to thrive on misery; and yet how I grudged him to this deadly-lively place, and this monotonous, cooped-up life.

"How do you manage to write one-handed?" I asked.

And he sat down to his desk, put a letter-weight on the left-hand corner of the sheet of foolscap, and wrote that comical first paragraph of the eighth chapter over which we have all laughed. I suppose few readers guessed the author's state of mind when he wrote it. I looked over his shoulder to see what he had written, and couldn't help laughing aloud,—I verily believe that it was his way of turning off attention from his arm, and leading me safely from the region of awkward questions.

"By the bye," I exclaimed, "your writing of garden-parties reminds me. I went to one at Campden Hill the other day, and had the good fortune to meet Miss Freda Merrifield."

How his face lighted up, poor fellow, and what a flood of questions he poured out. "She looked very well and very pretty," I replied. "I played two sets of tennis with her. She asked after you directly she saw me, seeming to think that we always hunted in couples. I told her you were living here, taking care of an invalid father; but just then up came the others to arrange the game. She and I got the best courts, and as we crossed over to them she told me she had met your brother several times last autumn, when she had been staying near Aldershot. Odd that he never mentioned her here; but I don't suppose she made much impression on him. She is not at all his style."

"Did you have much more talk with her?" he asked.

"No, nothing to be called talk. She told me they were leaving London next week, and she was longing to get back to the country to her beloved animals—rabbits, poultry, an aviary, and all that kind of thing. I should gather that they had kept her rather in the background this season, but I understand that

the eldest sister is to be married in the winter, and then no doubt Miss Freda will be brought forward."

He seemed wonderfully cheered by this opportune meeting, and though there was so little to tell he appeared to be quite content. I left him on Monday in fairly good spirits, and did not come across him again till September, when his arm was well, and his novel finished and revised. He never made two copies of his work, and I fancy this was perhaps because he spent so short a time each day in actual writing, and lived so continually in his work; moreover, as I said before, he detested penmanship.

The last part of 'Lynwood' far exceeded my expectations; perhaps—yet I don't really think so—I viewed it too favourably. But I owed the book a debt of gratitude, since it certainly helped me through the worst part of my life.

"Don't you feel flat now it is finished?" I asked.

"I felt so miserable that I had to plunge into another story three days after," he replied; and then and there he gave me the sketch of his second novel, 'At Strife,' and told me how he meant to weave in his childish fancies about the defence of the bridge in the Civil Wars."

"And about 'Lynwood'? Are you coming up to town to hawk him round?" I asked.

"I can't do that," he said; "you see I am tied here. No, I must send him off by rail, and let him take his chance."

"No such thing!" I cried. "If you can't leave Bath I will take him round for you."

And Derrick, who with the oddest inconsistency would let his MS. lie about anyhow at home, but hated the thought of sending it out alone on its travels, gladly accepted my offer. So next week I set off with the huge brown-paper parcel; few, however, will appreciate my good nature, for no one but an author or a publisher knows the fearful weight of a three-volume novel in MS. To my intense satisfaction I soon got rid of it, for the first good firm to which I took it received it with great politeness, to be handed over to their "reader" for an opinion; and apparently the "reader's" opinion coincided with mine, for a month later Derrick received an offer for it with which he at once closed—not because it was a good one, but because the firm was well thought of, and because he wished to lose no time, but to have the book published at once. I happened to be there when his first "proofs" arrived. The Major had had an

attack of jaundice, and was in a fiendish humour. We had a miserable time of it at dinner, for he badgered Derrick almost past bearing, and I think the poor old fellow minded it more when there was a third person present. Somehow, through all, he managed to keep his extraordinary capacity for reverencing mere age—even this degraded and detestable old age of the Major's. I often thought that in this he was like my own ancestor, Hugo Wharncliffe, whose deference and respectfulness and patience had not descended to me, while unfortunately the effects of his physical infirmities had. I sometimes used to reflect bitterly enough on the truth of Herbert Spencer's teaching as to heredity, so clearly shown in my own case. In the year 1683, through the abominable cruelty and harshness of his brother Randolph, this Hugo Wharncliffe, my great-great-great-great-great grandfather, was immured in Newgate, and his constitution was thereby so much impaired and enfeebled that, two hundred years after, my constitution is paying the penalty, and my whole life is thereby changed and thwarted. Hence this childless Randolph is affecting the course of several lives in the 19th century to their grievous hurt.

But *revenons à nos moutons*—that is to say, to our lion and lamb—the old brute of a Major and his long-suffering son.

While the table was being cleared, the Major took forty winks on the sofa, and we two beat a retreat, lit up our pipes in the passage, and were just turning out when the postman's double knock came, but no shower of letters in the box. Derrick threw open the door, and the man handed him a fat stumpy-looking roll in a pink wrapper.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "*proofs!*"

And, in hot haste, he began tearing away the pink paper, till out came the clean folded bits of printing and the dirty and dishevelled blue foolscap, the look of which I knew so well. It is an odd feeling, that first seeing oneself in print, and I could guess, even then, what a thrill shot through Derrick as he turned over the pages. But he would not take them into the sitting-room, no doubt dreading another diatribe against his profession; and we solemnly played euchre, and patiently endured the Major's withering sarcasms till ten o'clock sounded our happy release.

However, to make a long story short, a month later—that is, at the end of November—'Lynwood's Heritage' was published, in three volumes with maroon cloth and gilt lettering. Derrick

had distributed among his friends the publishers' announcement of the day of publication ; and when it was out I besieged the libraries for it, always expressing surprise if I did not find it in their lists. Then began the time of reviews. As I had expected, they were extremely favourable, with the exception of *The Herald*, *The Stroller*, and *The Hour*, which made it rather hot for him, the latter in particular pitching into his views and assuring its readers that the book was "dangerous," and its author a believer in—various things especially repugnant to Derrick, as it happened.

I was with him when he read these reviews. Over the cleverness of the satirical attack in *The Weekly Herald* he laughed heartily, though the laugh was against himself ; and as to the critic who wrote in *The Stroller*, it was apparent to all who knew 'Lynwood' that he had not read much of the book ; but over this review in *The Hour* he was genuinely angry—it hurt him personally, and, as it afterwards turned out, played no small part in the story of his life. The good reviews, however, were many and their recommendation of the book hearty ; they all prophesied that it would be a great success. Yet, spite of this, 'Lynwood's Heritage' didn't sell. Was it, as I had feared, that Derrick was too devoid of the pushing faculty ever to make a successful writer ? Or was it that he was handicapped by being down in the provinces playing keeper to that abominable old bear ? Anyhow, the book was well received, read with enthusiasm by an extremely small circle, and then it dropped down to the bottom among the mass of overlooked literature, and its career seemed to be over. I can recall the look in Derrick's face when one day he glanced through the new Mudie and Smith lists and found 'Lynwood's Heritage' no longer down. I had been trying to cheer him up about the book and quoting all the favourable remarks I had heard about it. But unluckily this was damning evidence against my optimist view.

He sighed heavily and put down the lists.

"It's no use to deceive oneself," he said drearily, "'Lynwood' has failed."

Something in the deep depression of look and tone gave me a momentary insight into the author's heart. He thought, I know, of the agony of mind this book had cost him ; of those long months of waiting and their deadly struggle, of the hopes which had made all he passed through seem so well worth while ; and the bitterness of the disappointment was no doubt



intensified by the knowledge that the Major would rejoice over it.

We walked that afternoon along the Bradford Valley, a road which Derrick was specially fond of. He loved the thickly-wooded hills, and the glimpses of the Avon which, flanked by the canal and the railway, runs parallel with the high road ; he always admired, too, a certain little village with grey stone cottages which lay in this direction, and liked to look at the site of the old hall near the road : nothing remained of it but the tall gate posts, and rusty iron gates looking strangely dreary and deserted, and within one could see, between some dark yew trees, an old terrace walk with stone steps and balustrades—the most ghostly-looking place you can conceive.

"I know you'll put this into a book some day," I said, laughing.

"Yes," he said, "it is already beginning to simmer in my brain." Apparently his deep disappointment as to his first venture had in no way affected his perfectly clear consciousness that, come what would, he had to write.

As we walked back to Bath he told me his 'Ruined Hall' story as far as it had yet evolved itself in his brain, and we were still discussing it when in Milsom Street we met a boy crying evening papers, and details of the last great battle at Saspataras Hill.

Derrick broke off hastily, everything but anxiety for Lawrence driven from his mind.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Say not, O Soul, thou art defeated,  
Because thou art distrest ;  
If thou of better things art cheated,  
Thou canst not be of best."—T. T. LYNCH.

"Good Heavens, Sydney !" he exclaimed in great excitement and with his whole face aglow with pleasure, "look here !"

He pointed to a few lines in the paper which mentioned the heroic conduct of Lieutenant L. Vaughan, who at the risk of his life had rescued a brother officer when surrounded by the enemy and completely disabled. Lieutenant Vaughan had managed to mount the wounded man on his own horse and had miraculously escaped himself with nothing worse than a sword-thrust in the left arm.



We went home in triumph to the Major, and Derrick read the whole account aloud. With all his detestation of war, he was nevertheless greatly stirred by the description of the gallant defence of the attacked position—and for a time we were all at one, and could talk of nothing but Lawrence's heroism, and Victoria crosses, and the prospects of peace. However, all too soon, the Major's fiendish temper returned, and he began to use the event of the day as a weapon against Derrick, continually taunting him with the contrast between his stay-at-home life of scribbling and Lawrence's life of heroic adventure. I could never make out whether he wanted to goad his son into leaving him, in order that he might drink himself to death in peace, or whether he merely indulged in his natural love of tormenting, valuing Derrick's devotion as conducive to his own comfort, and knowing that hard words would not drive him from what he deemed his duty. I rather incline to the latter view, but the old Major was always an enigma to me ; nor can I to this day make out his *raison-d'être*, except on the theory that the training of a novelist required a course of slow torture, and that the old man was sent into the world to be a sort of thorn in the flesh to Derrick.

What with the disappointment about his first book, and the difficulty of writing his second, the fierce craving for Freda's presence, the struggle not to allow his admiration for Lawrence's bravery to become poisoned by envy under the influence of the Major's incessant attacks, Derrick had just then a hard time of it. He never complained, but I noticed a great change in him ; his melancholy increased, his flashes of humour and merriment became fewer and fewer—I began to be afraid that he would break down.

"For God's sake !" I exclaimed one evening when left alone with the Doctor after an evening of whist, "do order the Major to London. Derrick has been mewed up here with him for nearly two years, and I don't think he can stand it much longer."

So the Doctor kindly contrived to advise the Major to consult a well-known London physician and to spend a fortnight in town, further suggesting that a month at Ben Rhydding might be enjoyable before settling down at Bath again for the winter. Luckily the Major took to the idea, and just as Lawrence returned from the war Derrick and his father arrived in town. The change seemed likely to work well, and I was able now and then to

release my friend and play cribbage with the old man for an hour or two while Derrick tore about London, interviewed his publisher, made researches into seventeenth century documents at the British Museum, and somehow managed in his rapid way to acquire those glimpses of life and character which he afterwards turned to such good account. All was grist that came to his mill, and at first the mere sight of his old home, London, seemed to revive him. Of course at the very first opportunity he called at the Probyn's, and we both of us had an invitation to go there on the following Wednesday to see the march-past of the troops and to lunch. Derrick was nearly beside himself at the prospect, for he knew that he should certainly meet Freda at last, and the mingled pain and bliss of being actually in the same place with her, yet as completely separated as if seas rolled between them, was beginning to try him terribly.

Meantime Lawrence turned up again, greatly improved in every way by all that he had lived through, but rather too ready to fall in with his father's tone towards Derrick. The relations between the two brothers—always a little peculiar—became more and more difficult, and the Major seemed to enjoy pitting them against each other.

At length the day of the review arrived. Derrick was not looking well, his eyes were heavy with sleeplessness, and the Major had been unusually exasperating at breakfast that morning, so that he started with a jaded, worn-out feeling that would not wholly yield even to the excitement of this long-expected meeting with Freda. When he found himself in the great drawing-room at Lord Probyn's house, amid a buzz of talk and a crowd of strange faces, he was seized with one of those sudden attacks of shyness to which he was always liable. In fact, he had been so long alone with the old Major that this plunge into society was too great a reaction, and the very thing he had so longed for became a torture to him.

Freda was at the other end of the room talking to Keith Collins, the well-known member for Codrington, whose curious but attractive face was known to all the world through the caricatures of it in 'Punch.' I knew that she saw Derrick, and that he instantly perceived her, and that a miserable sense of separation, of distance, of hopelessness overwhelmed him as he looked. After all, it was natural enough. For two years he had thought of Freda night and day; in his unutterably dreary life her memory had been his refreshment, his solace, his companion.

Now he was suddenly brought face to face, not with the Freda of his dreams, but with a fashionable, beautifully dressed, much-sought girl, and he felt that a gulf lay between them; it was the gulf of experience. Freda's life in society, the whirl of gaiety, the excitement and success which she had been enjoying throughout the season, and his miserable monotony of companionship with his invalid father, of hard work and weary disappointment, had broken down that bond of union that had once existed between them. From either side they looked at each other—Freda with a wondering perplexity, Derrick with a dull grinding pain at his heart.

Of course they spoke to each other; but I fancy the merest platitudes passed between them. Somehow they had lost touch, and a crowded London drawing-room was hardly the place to regain it.

"So your novel is really out," I heard her say to him in that deep, clear voice of hers. "I like the design on the cover."

"Oh, have you read the book?" said Derrick, colouring.

"Well, no," she said, truthfully. "I wanted to read it, but my father wouldn't let me—he is very particular about what we read."

That frank but not very happily worded answer was like a stab to poor Derrick. He had given to the world, then, a book that was not fit for her to read. This 'Lynwood,' which had been written with his own heart's blood, was counted a dangerous, poisonous thing, from which she must be guarded!

Freda must have seen that she had hurt him, for she tried hard to retrieve her words.

"It was tantalizing to have it actually in the house, wasn't it? I have a grudge against *The Hour*, for it was the review in that which set my father against it." Then, rather anxious to leave the difficult subject—"And has your brother quite recovered from his wound?"

I think she was a little vexed that Derrick did not show more animation in his replies about Lawrence's adventures during the war; the less he responded the more enthusiastic she became, and I am perfectly sure that in her heart she was thinking—

"He is jealous of his brother's fame—I am disappointed in him. He has grown dull, and absent, and stupid, and he is dreadfully wanting in small-talk. I fear that his life down in the provinces is turning him into a bear."

She brought the conversation back to his book; but there

was a little touch of scorn in her voice, as if she thought to herself, "I suppose he is one of those people who can only talk on one subject—his own doings." Her manner was almost brusque.

"Your novel has had a great success, has it not?" she asked.

He instantly perceived her thought, and replied with a touch of dignity and a proud smile—

"On the contrary, it has been a great failure; only three hundred and nine copies have been sold."

"I wonder at that," said Freda, "for one so often hears it talked of."

He promptly changed the topic, and began to speak of the march past. "I want to see Lord Starcross," he added. "I have no idea what a hero is like."

Just then Lady Probyn came up, followed by an elderly harpy in spectacles and false, much-frizzed fringe.

"Mrs. Carsteen wishes to be introduced to you, Mr. Vaughan; she is a great admirer of your writings."

And poor Derrick, who was then quite unused to the species, had to stand and receive a flood of the most fulsome flattery, delivered in a strident voice, and to bear the critical and prolonged stare of the spectacled eyes. Nor would the harpy easily release her prey. She kept him much against his will, and I saw him looking wistfully now and then towards Freda.

"It amuses me," I said to her, "that Derrick Vaughan should be so anxious to see Lord Starcross. It reminds me of Charles Lamb's anxiety to see Koscuisko, 'for,' said he, 'I have never seen a hero; I wonder how they look,' while all the time he himself was living a life of heroic self-sacrifice."

"Mr. Vaughan, I should think, need only look at his own brother," said Freda, missing the drift of my speech.

I longed to tell her what it was possible to tell of Derrick's life, but at that moment Sir Richard Merrifield introduced to his daughter a girl in a huge hat and great flopping sleeves, Miss Isaacson, whose picture at the Grosvenor had been so much talked of. Now the little artist knew no one in the room, and Freda saw fit to be extremely friendly to her. She was introduced to me, and I did my best to talk to her and set Freda at liberty as soon as the harpy had released Derrick; but my endeavours were frustrated, for Miss Isaacson, having looked me well over, decided that I was not at all intense, but a mere commonplace, slightly cynical worldling, and having exchanged

a few lukewarm remarks with me, she returned to Freda, and stuck to her like a bur for the rest of the time.

We stood out on the balcony to see the troops go by. It was a fine sight, and we all became highly enthusiastic. Freda enjoyed the mere pageant like a child, and was delighted with the horses. She looked now more like the Freda of the yacht, and I wished that Derrick could be near her; but, as ill-luck would have it, he was at some distance, hemmed in by an impassable barrier of eager spectators.

Lawrence Vaughan rode past, looking wonderfully well in his uniform. He was riding a spirited bay, which took Freda's fancy amazingly, though she reserved her chief enthusiasm for Lord Starcross and his steed. It was not until all was over, and we had returned to the drawing-room, that Derrick managed to get the talk with Freda for which I knew he was longing, and then they were fated, apparently, to disagree. I was standing near and overheard the close of their talk.

"I do believe you must be a member of the Peace Society!" said Freda impatiently. "Or perhaps you have turned Quaker. But I want to introduce you to my godfather, Mr. Fleming; you know it was his son whom your brother saved."

And I heard Derrick being introduced as the brother of the hero of Saspataras Hill; and the next day he received a card for one of Mrs. Fleming's receptions, Lawrence having previously been invited to dine there on the same night.

What happened at that party I never exactly understood. All I could gather was that Lawrence had been tremendously fêted, that Freda had been present, and that poor old Derrick was as miserable as he could be when I next saw him. Putting two and two together, I guessed that he had been tantalised by a mere sight of her, possibly tortured by watching more favoured men enjoying long *tête-à-têtes*; but he would say little or nothing about it, and when, soon after, he and the Major left London, I feared that the fortnight had done my friend harm instead of good.

(To be continued.)





## The Evil of Scholarships.

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"From his first admission into the University, he sought not great things for himself. He made not haste to rise and climb, as youths are apt to do (which we in these late times so much experience, wherein youths scarce fledg'd have soared to the highest preferments), but proceeded leisurely by orderly steps, not to what he could get, but to what he was fit to undertake. He staid God's time of advancement, with all industry and pains following his studies, as if he rather desired to deserve honour than to be honoured."—*Sermon on Life of John Smith, of Queen's College, Cambridge, 1652.*

NOW that a Select Committee has issued its Report on the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, it seems a fitting time for bringing under discussion the system of endowments so far as they are applicable to Higher Education.

England is, I believe, the only country which possesses large endowments for education; *i.e.* funds over which living men have only a limited control. These endowments are not the gift of the State, but come from three chief sources:

(a.) They are derived from land owned in early times by the Religious Foundations—by which in the first instance Colleges were established at the old Universities.

(b.) They are the spoils of Religious Houses, out of which some large schools and colleges were established irrespective of the original bequest.

(c.) They are legacies from "Pious Founders," who left money for schools generally in particular localities.

These have been largely supplemented in our own day by public subscriptions to establish schools, or by the foundation of scholarships to particular schools or colleges; also large sums which had been misapplied have become available for educational purposes.

It is difficult to arrive at an approximate estimate of the total value of these endowments, especially now that the value of land has depreciated. A few years ago, Mr. Mark Pattison estimated

the revenue of Oxford at about half a million, and I suppose Cambridge would have as much. A recent estimate of that belonging to Cambridge Colleges, independently of University funds, is given for 1888, at nearly £212,000. Professor Morley estimates that £80,000 is spent in scholarships at Oxford; *i.e.* in the education of about two thousand undergraduates. He enumerates the subsidies to the Scotch, the Irish, and the Welsh Universities, and calculates them at over £50,000. This sum has since been largely increased, especially by the foundation of the Welsh Universities. Owens' College (now the Victoria University) has just obtained a grant; Bristol and Liverpool, Mason's, Nottingham, and others, naturally put in claims which can hardly in justice be refused.

The Endowed Schools Schemes published in 1886 deal with 764 Schemes and an income of £395,046; there were 85 Schemes still to be passed. Then there are the nine great schools, the revenues of which must be very large; the cathedral and collegiate schools; those supported in part by subscriptions; those managed by Corporations and City Companies; those for special classes, as the sons or daughters of clergymen, Non-conformist ministers, officers in the Army or Navy, medical men, cheesemongers, licensed victuallers, commercial travellers, &c.; those for members of various religious denominations, *e.g.* the Society of Friends, the Baptists, Wesleyans, Roman Catholics; there are special schools supported by subscription for Freemasons, Orphans, Fatherless Children, the Deaf, the Blind, &c.

Taking all together, and omitting the subscriptions, which are not endowment, but which rise and fall, we may suppose, with the excellence of the school; omitting all that is spent by Government on Primary Education, and Secondary teaching in elementary schools, we must have an annual revenue, which can scarcely be touched except by Act of Parliament, of not, I think, under £2,000,000, all of which is appropriated by the classes desiring for their children something more than elementary education, and in great part distributed amongst those who study the dead languages. This large sum is supplemented by various Government grants, and public subscriptions, by the foundation of new scholarships, and by testamentary bequests.

I suppose we are agreed upon this—that it is good, not only for the individual, but for the country, that all should have the means of cultivating and making the best of the gifts God has bestowed upon them. It is good for the community, that each

man should become as efficient a member of the body corporate as he is capable of becoming—hence the justification for assistance of some kind, to those who can profit by, but cannot afford, an expensive education ; yet it is asserted by persons competent to judge, that the system pursued in the distribution of endowments is such as to produce more evil than good. Dr. Fitch, who has long held a high position in the Education Office, writes, "There is a vast mass of machinery which produces positive mischief and yields results miserably inadequate to its costliness." Professor Max Müller thinks that if all prizes were abolished, and the funds used to lessen the expenses of education, poor parents would be far more benefited than they are by the present system. The late head of Lincoln College, Oxford, was unmeasured in his denunciations. Professor Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge and many more cry out for reform. The substance of what they say, and what many are feeling, is this :

(1) That scholarships intended to help the poor, do not often reach those who need them most. That rich parents speculate on the winning of prizes, and pay very high prices for training at the preparatory schools, and so wrest from the poor the help they alone need.

(2) That the provisions which attach endowments to particular schools are in many cases a great obstacle to their usefulness.

(3) That those who obtain scholarships are often diverted by the conditions on which they obtain the money, from studies which would benefit them most.

(4) That parents are induced to enter their little children to be trained, not as is best for them, but in such a way as will best fit them to be winners in the race ; and that the masters in preparatory schools have to disregard the laws of health and education, and so boys suffer often from wrong treatment—in body, in mind, in character.

(5) That winners are compelled often to go to places, where the cost of living and learning is so great, as to neutralize the value of the help given, and sometimes to make them unable to accept it. Thus a boy living, say in Liverpool, where he could get every advantage, obtains a scholarship in the south, and has to pay the expense of six journeys a year, and the board which he could obtain more cheaply at home ; he has to change his teachers, and lose time in adapting himself to new surroundings ; and the teachers who have already brought him on are discouraged, and the poor schools depressed by having,

as Mr. Millington expressed it, their "eyes picked out" by the rich schools, though they try vainly to raise money for the defence of their own territories by subscriptions from boarding-house masters, and so-called scholarships. Besides to bestow secure monetary advantages on the ground of geographical position is absurd, and at least after the lapse of centuries which have altered the conditions, redistribution ought to be made.

(6) That the scholarships tend to raise the price of education to the majority, since, except in the old endowed schools, those who do not win had to pay for those who do.

(7) And places of education which have the exceptional advantage of a secure income, become exceptionally expensive. Endowments to special places raise the whole expenses of that place, so as to sometimes more than counterbalance the advantages; thus rents, food, and attendance become specially high, and the possession of a considerable independent income by those pupils whose means are already ample, tends to raise the style of living for all, to compel all to take part in expensive amusements under penalty of being called "a smug," as Mr. Pycroft explains. Many poor boys who have been offered exhibitions from their schools have on this account refused them.

(8) The distribution of large sums in scholarships by rich schools hinders new Foundations, since revenues held by the older ones enable them to undersell, and thus prevent the rise of young and vigorous rivals—such as exist on the Continent, and tend much to the eager intellectual life of Germany and Switzerland.

(9) That to put constantly before the young, that the end of learning is to win money, tends to degrade learning, to make them think it is not a good in itself.

(10) That the habit of learning merely to win prizes, produces a state of mind not favourable to the best kind of intellectual culture.

(11) That intellectual excellence is valuable to the community only when it is used, not for selfish purposes, but for the good of the commonwealth, and it ought not therefore to be sought at the cost of high aims.

These reasons have led some to wish for free education, to maintain that we should ask for no other qualification than the desire to pursue the higher studies, and the power to benefit by the advantages offered. Others, whilst approving of endowments, and thinking that the scholarship system should be maintained,

would sweep away, as regards the older endowments at least, all the restrictions which compel the scholar to study in special places, or to take up one study rather than another. They would gradually make all scholarships like those of the Gilchrist and some other Trusts, which allow the student to go to any place of Higher Education, approved by the Trustees ; they would prevent large sums from falling into the hands of the rich, by making scholarships of small pecuniary value, and supplementing the money in the case of poor scholars.

Much has been made of the fact that entrance scholarships are upheld by many Head-masters, but as well might one argue that the Corn Laws were good for the country, because they were upheld by landowners ; or the Sugar Bounty, because it was supported by beet-root growers. If we want an unprejudiced opinion, we should go to the disinterested, and it is greatly to the credit of the Head-masters, and very encouraging to those who desire reform, that in their recent Conference, the opinion of the leading Head-masters was openly expressed against the system, by which they in many ways profit, and scarcely a word was said in its favour. The attack was led by Mr. Welldon of Harrow, and supported by the Head-masters of many important schools.

It was urged that large sums which should be spent on advancing the cause of Education, or paying teachers, or erecting buildings, &c., were squandered in rivalry, and school-masters, if they would not see their best scholars tempted away, were compelled to engage them as mercenaries ; so a universal "disarmament" was the only cure for such wasteful expenditure, and that but for one or two rich foundations, one might not despair of uniting all schools in a sort of anti-bribery league.

The question of scholarships to a University is not identical with that of school scholarships, and is perhaps a less evil ; yet some of the most learned and distinguished professors have denounced the existing system as detrimental to the best interests of intellectual life, and it seems to me that the arguments of its advocates tell even more against it.

Mr. Latham urges that if we do not pay people to learn things which they cannot easily sell, such kinds of learning will die out. There is nothing more painful than to read these arguments, which take for granted that Philistines are utterly triumphant in England, and that men study, not for love of learning, but for gold.



Has all generous love of knowledge died out, and all desire to learn in order to become able to lead a more useful life? Is plenty of money, and the ease that money brings, really the main object of life? Surely learned Societies live—the Royal, the Linnæan, the Parker, the Shakspeare, the Early English, Arundel, &c. People are not paid to join these societies, but pay for the pleasure and profit to be derived from study. One may surely question whether the commonwealth is enriched by cultivating the intellects of those whose chief motive in learning is selfish money-gain.

Universities at least should maintain a high ideal. As Professor Henry Sidgwick argues, "it should be the aim of academic teachers to maintain a high ideal of the value of knowledge for its own sake; the University should be, as it were, the shrine in which the noble ardour of disinterested curiosity is kept ever burning." He adds: "No one who knows the German Universities can doubt that whatever their defects, they do perform this invaluable service. And probably no one who knows Cambridge would deny, that, broadly speaking, she fails." He dwells with regret on the almost irresistible temptations which are offered to the young, to concentrate their energies on success in a competition, instead of devoting themselves to the search for truth, and being satisfied to "have deserved well of their country"; and this canker of selfishness, this tendency to confound money with wealth, which is, as it seems to many, the curse of our nation, is fostered in our choicest seats of learning, which should be as Solomon's House in Bacon's 'Atlantis'—and its pernicious influences are concentrated on the most richly gifted, the most highly cultivated.

Those women who have lived through the pre-examination age for girls, and have known the enthusiasm which we then felt, must dread, for our girls and women especially, the blighting influence of the growing system of competition for money rewards, and high places. To be always reading and reproducing the thoughts of others may be called industry, but the repose of contemplation is needed for the growth of the spiritual life, we need to ruminate upon the great thoughts which our studies bring to us, we need, even as the plant, to stand idly in the sunlight, if the flowers are to unfold which produce the ripe fruitage. I have again and again refused the foundation of scholarships to our College, and have always discouraged place-taking and prize-

giving, and such distracting influences as field-days and printed lists of class places.

But, if these bounties on a particular kind of education by which pupils are drawn to enter schools, not by legitimate means, but by offering money-bribes, are interfering with the love of culture and with that freedom of choice, which is of the greatest importance to the highest intellects, how are things to be mended? Would it be possible to form a league of schools resolved to give up the present system not to rival one another in buying up scholars, but to emulate one another as the German Universities do, only in the excellence of their teachers, their museums, their libraries, &c. Thus it was with the famous Universities of the Middle Ages, which drew scholars from all parts, scholars who were content to spend their lives in poverty for the sake of learning; the pious founder never contemplated the diversion of his money to unworthy rivalry.

The evils complained of would be mitigated if the winner of a scholarship were left free to choose his school, and if there were some test, or at least declaration of need. The three objections that are usually urged against any interference with the present distribution of educational endowments are: (1) That it is sacrilege to disregard the will of the "pious founder." (2) That it is impossible to ascertain whether the scholarship is needed, and that if it were, it is a bad principle to give according to need. (3) That one ought not to put a badge on poverty.

As regards the first, I deny that the spirit of the foundation has been maintained, when the money is given to the rich; and if the disposition is a bad one, we ought to disregard it. It is certainly for the good of society, that testamentary dispositions should be allowed within certain limits—that persons who deny themselves, in the hope of bringing about some social good, should be allowed to direct the disposal of their money, but it is by no inherent *right* that they do this. The living are responsible for the disposition of the money of which they alone can dispose; they cannot excuse themselves for misusing it, by saying it belongs to a dead man; they cannot lay the responsibility of their acts on the dead, whose power of control is gone. No restriction need be placed on any individual's giving money now to special institutions. I am speaking merely of old endowments, though I think the founding scholarships, open alike to rich and poor, a very undesirable thing.

As regards (2), I would say that it is not a sufficient reason for giving up all attempts to ascertain whether a gift is needed, that we might sometimes be mistaken. At least we may hope often to find the right person. Regard should of course be had to intellectual qualifications also; and many of those who have had experience, as I have shown, approve of making scholarships eleemosynary.

As regards (3), the objection that it is bad for a boy to be known to be what in reality he is, poorer than his neighbours, is surely utterly contemptible; the desire to pretend to be rich is the ruin of countless persons, and it is a vulgar thing to be ashamed of poverty, or to put on false appearances.

I venture to make a few suggestions. It seems to me that local restrictions should be removed. This has been done to a considerable extent as regards the place *from* which the scholar must come. Queen's College, Oxford, is no longer filled by students from a particular locality, and Founders' kin are generally extinct. I remember a long time ago a scholarship *to* a rich endowed school was assigned to a city parish. There was no boy living within its bounds who could really benefit by it; it was given to a cobbler's son, with little brains and no culture. Might not the restrictions also which force a boy or girl to study *at* a particular place be removed?

It is satisfactory to find that much has been done by the Commissioners during the last ten or twelve years to get rid of "local restrictions"—that it "has been a main principle of their action not to tie a scholarship at both ends, and if a scholarship or exhibition is *from* a given school, to carry a boy or girl forward, it is generally made tenable at any place of higher education, which may seem to the parents suitable for the particular case." It is also something that the Gilchrist Trustees in granting scholarships to the highest women, in the London Matriculation, and Intermediate B.A. examinations, no longer insist on her forfeiting her privilege, unless she leaves the college or school, where she has been studying, for one of their selection. But it appears to me that the evil has been much intensified by the action of some of the Welsh University Colleges. There was no adequate population ready for high teaching, and so the administrators of the funds were bound to get pupils from a distance. They therefore have offered a large number of scholarships and exhibitions—in one of the colleges, more than 150, and have established a regular

tariff for passing examinations, by which the colleges will be afterwards advertised ; £3 10s. is paid for passing the London Matriculation, £5 for taking Honours, the sum rising to £8 for the B. Sc. Pass, with extra money for Honours. Can any one say that this is a right appropriation of national taxes? Other colleges will be driven into a further extension of the system. One college which distributes considerable sums in scholarships, is appealing for £3000 to build a laboratory. Thus is education starved by the diversion of funds which should have been spent on it, to a dishonourable rivalry in this modern form of slave-trade—the buying up of clever boys and girls to work for the honour and glory of particular institutions.

I should propose that all ancient endowments should be dealt with collectively. The funds employed where they are most wanted, as is done by great charitable societies now ; grants made as by the Government to public libraries, schools of Art, &c. These could be given in aid of local effort—for school buildings, where such are needed, not more than a certain proportion being contributed, and money might be given on loan for similar purposes. Then bad or inefficient schools which were suffering from hypertrophy would either die a natural death, or regain their health on a starvation diet. Scholarships of small amount might be given in connection with examinations of the Universities, or any others of a suitable character ; and these might be augmented for those boys or girls who *needed* help, but no restriction should be placed on the choice of studies—*e.g.* no advantage should be given to classics over science or mathematics—or to one school over another, provided evidence was afforded that the school selected was a good one.

Better still would it be to give to those who needed help and were worthy of it, temporary loans, to be repaid without interest, when the recipient began to earn. I may say from my own experience, that the immediate help thus obtainable, is often far more valuable than a scholarship which must be first competed for ; and it does not pauperize, but tends to bring home to the recipient that there is a moral obligation to help others, as we have been ourselves helped ; only those who need the help ask for it, and the same amount of money will help an indefinitely larger number of poor students.

Money might also be given in the form of travelling scholarships, or to assist persons of proved capacity in making

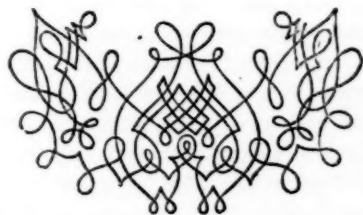
investigations of an unremunerative kind or to reward discoverers. The fellowships which exact no service might be changed into pensions for those who had done good educational work.

The great principle to be recognized throughout should be that the funds are given in trust for the benefit of the nation, for the promotion and diffusion of educational advantages; and everything should be done to discourage mere competition for numbers, and to induce schools and colleges to rival one another in providing the most excellent teaching apparatus, and teaching staff, at as moderate a cost as possible, and thus to attract pupils no longer by bounties, but only by legitimate means.

There are some who think that great reforms would be made in our Universities, and that other centres of intellectual life of ideal excellence would arise, if all were stimulated by the knowledge that in educational matters there was a fair field and no favour. The old Universities would never lose the advantages, their prestige, and all the attractions that venerable and historic foundations must exercise over our imagination.

It seems to me that the only alternative is between large reforms, and a system of universal free education supported by the endowments. This I should regard as a less desirable plan than one which would encourage independent effort, and allow much liberty in working out educational problems, instead of confounding all in one uniform system. The anomalies and injustice of the heterogeneous method of disposing of vast funds, must surely be patent to all.

DOROTHEA BEALE.





## The Personality of Prince Bismarck.



NO sovereign or statesman is more conspicuously *en évidence* than Prince Bismarck ; but lately his personality and his private concerns have been brought before the public more prominently than usual. On the one hand, we had a highly sensational article, which ran the Review in which it appeared through a succession of editions with phenomenal rapidity. Very opportunely for the fair fame of the great German Chancellor, the correspondence of Mr. Motley appeared almost simultaneously. And between these conflicting judgments, we are naturally inclined to accept the dispassionate opinions of the impartial American. Bismarck and Motley were very old friends. They had been intimate in old college days at Göttingen. And when Motley wrote from Frankfort to his wife in the summer of 1885, assuredly he had no idea that the letter would be preserved and published. Telling of the renewal of their former acquaintance, he says : " I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character." A few days afterwards, he writes again : " The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to oneself all the time, ' This is the great Bismarck, the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived ! ' " In fact, there are few men whom it ought to be more easy to read and analyse, for, according to all who knew him best, his predominating characteristic is his astounding candour. It has been said, of course, that his candour is the mask of a profound duplicity. In point of fact, the theory of hypocrisy is absolutely inconsistent with all we have heard of him ; and if he has been in the habit of romancing in his diplomatic intercourse with an affectation of truthfulness, it is strange,

to say the least of it, that he has never been found out. Moreover, the simplicity of speech which Motley remarked upon in 1855, as afterwards at Varzin in 1872, had necessarily been confirmed by his growing self-confidence. The self-reliant envoy of Prussia to the Austrian-ridden German Diet had become the autocratic Chancellor of the German Empire, and the political dictator of Europe. He was too proud, he had become too masterful and overbearing—if we please to call it so,—to wear a disguise with the men he had learned to look down upon. If we take the man as what he represents himself, he is the best of witnesses on his own behalf, and we may learn as much besides, as we care to know, from those who have lived in daily familiarity with him.

The unreserve that is so exceptional in a trained statesman and diplomatist has told against him. "He is the least of a *poseur*," says Motley, "of any man I ever saw." The representative Junker, the hard-living Pomeranian squire, had tumbled into politics in place of being trained to them. Naturally impulsive and impetuously outspoken, he never cared to conceal his faults or his failings. Consequently the many enemies he has made have always found much to say to his disadvantage. There is a boastfulness, a dash of swagger, in his nature which inclines him to parade the infirmities or the foibles, of which he is noways ashamed. He delights to tell stories of his Göttingen student time, in which he was industriously sowing his wild oats. He prides himself still on his feats as a trencherman, and on his capacity for carrying an unparalleled quantity of strong liquor. Even if he set himself solemnly to "make his soul," as the Irishmen say, we could never conceive him becoming a total abstainer; and indeed his keenest regret over a misspent past seems to be that he cannot indulge at dinner and supper as he used to do. It is something indeed to have made himself the arbiter of Europe; but it is sad to forswear cigars, and be reduced to a solitary egg for breakfast: see Motley's letter from the Hôtel du Nord at Berlin, 1st August, 1872. He has been reproached with unworthy jealousy, and doubtless there is something in the charge. We might suggest similar examples of that nearer home, in men standing indisputably above their fellows, who habitually display short-sighted envy of their able and aspiring inferiors. But it must be remarked that while Bismarck is essentially masterful, he has only risen to his much-envied ascendancy, and maintained it in circumstances singularly

difficult and delicate, by repressing all insubordination with an iron hand. We do not defend his ruthlessly hunting Count Von Arnim down, or his apparently tyrannical persecution of Dr. Geffcken. Take it at the best, his conduct in both cases showed the worst and weaker side of his character. But it was all in accordance with what we know of him, and with the fixed principles by which he has governed his career. Like Louis Napoleon, he believes himself a man of destiny, but unlike Louis Napoleon, he was not absolute master in his own house, and he had to practise almost unexampled patience while elaborating and executing the plans he had conceived. To achieve these, every German must be bent to his will, so in principle he makes examples of recalcitrants, *pour encourager les autres*. We repeat that we are not defending him ; we are only trying to see him as he is.

Unquestionably the Chancellor is a man, and what we should call a good fellow. When Nature gave him a great brain, she gave him at the same time a splendid physique with an iron constitution, on which, to tell the truth, he has drawn most recklessly. Somewhat over six feet in height, one of the greatest of his minor griefs has been his growing corpulence. When he wants speed and safety and endurance combined, it is hard to find a horse to carry him. He is the type of one of those sturdy Pomeranian grenadiers whose bones he grudges to foreign quarrels. It is strange how those slim German students whom we see leading hounds in leashes as tall and as lanky as themselves, about the University towns, swell into square-built men when they settle into steady habits. We remember visiting the fortress of Spandau during the Franco-German war, when the French prisoners were being marched out for exercise under guard of a German soldier or two. The broad-shouldered, deep-chested Pomeranian or Brandenburgher stood out conspicuously from the slight and wiry Frenchmen he had in charge, by solidity rather than by stature. In depth of chest as in breadth of beam, if we may borrow a nautical phrase, Bismarck is a noble specimen of the Pomeranian. Educated at private schools and under the eye of an anxious mother, he only began to launch out in indiscretions when his constitution was formed, and his frame well-knit. Then it is true he gave himself the freest swing, and for many years with delusive impunity. It is strange to speculate on what the future of Europe might have been if Bismarck's stomach and digestive powers had not been as

vigorous as his brain. And if both stomach and digestion had not been sorely tried, sundry momentous political events might have taken a different course altogether. With constitutional carelessness, from the first he drew reckless draughts on his strength. At Göttingen, like Justice Shallow, he habitually heard the chimes at midnight, distinguished himself in a sworn society of toppers by swallowing portentous quantities of beer, and revelled in an atmosphere of rancid tobacco-smoke, as if he had been inhaling the fresh breezes of his Pomeranian heaths. Settled down in his ancestral home when he had gone there to manage the estates his father had embarrassed, the orgies of "mad Bismarck" became notorious. No one of his neighbours disliked drinking in moderation; nevertheless he succeeded in scandalizing the neighbourhood. He kept open house, and the only restriction in his Liberty Hall seems to have been that the guests should not leave the supper-table till some unholy hour in the morning. The local delicacies of Pomerania are indigestible and deleterious enough, but he appears to have prided himself in taking exceptional liberties with his constitution. In a talk during the French war, he fondly recalled the days when he could swallow a dozen of hard-boiled eggs incidentally at a sitting. During a tour of several days in a *fisch-reich* hill country, he lived entirely on trout and beer, although on that occasion nature protested and succumbed. Yet it would have been well had he always stuck to beer; but he had a Catholic and cosmopolitan taste in wines. Once in a wine-cellar in the Gironde, he tried a dozen different vintages, and he used to mix his liquors in the most outrageous manner. When Motley was received as the friend of the family at Frankfort in 1855, he gives a graphic account of his entertainer's house-keeping. "It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you—porter, soda-water, small beer, champagne, burgundy or claret, are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best cigars every minute." During the invasion of France, although black Care sat behind his saddle, he at least had left his doctors behind, and he was inclined to abuse his liberty. He professed to live by rule, but was constantly yielding to temptation. The number of his cigars had been strictly limited, but we remember hearing from his host at Mayence, where he had spent several days on the way to Metz, how he would sit of an evening in a summer-house looking down upon the Rhine, lighting cigar after cigar, sipping

the sparkling Rhine wine, and speculating with all his habitual frankness on the consequences of the victories he confidently anticipated. As the army advanced beyond the frontier of Lorraine, he laid Champagne under contribution for its choicest vintages, and when billeted in Baron Rothschild's *château* of Ferrières, when the steward, who kept the key of the cellars, protested there was nothing in them better than *vin ordinaire*, Bismarck brought him to reason with the threat of a straw halter. The effect was like that of Moses striking the rock, except that there came a gush of wine in place of water. His grateful countrymen, in their short-sighted enthusiasm, did their best to cripple the man at the wheel. He was like a St. Anthony among the tempting presents that poured in upon him; save that his involuntary asceticism not unfrequently gave way. There came all manner of indigestible delicacies from his native Pomerania—smoked ham, smoked goose-livers, smoked salmon and smoked cod-roe, with endless consignments of the cigars which it was known were strictly forbidden. The sympathetic soldiers knew the way to his heart, and he was greatly gratified at Versailles by a dish of mushrooms, which had been gathered in the cellar of a shattered villa under a heavy fire. He confessed himself that the indiscretions into which he was betrayed often aggravated his sleeplessness at night, and we may be sure that neither his brain nor his irritable temper were any the better for them. The results of those indiscretions enforced greater prudence on him, though somewhat tardily. When Motley visited him at Varzin for his silver wedding, he writes, "he tells me he couldn't, to save his life, smoke a single cigar. He has a disgust for them."

But although he had been in the habit of burning the candle at both ends, though he had driven the body as well as the brain at high-pressure, the effects of his earlier self-indulgence were counterbalanced in a great measure by his manly tastes and pursuits. He had passed his holidays as a boy in the open air, and had been brought up to delight in field sports. In one of his early letters there is a ludicrous account of "the farce of fox-hunting," as it was followed at Schönhausen by his father, "when we are all fully convinced—perhaps even my father—that the only game consists of a few old women gathering faggots." But though they did not even lay down a drag, and sought to shoot non-existent foxes with the rifle, they crossed a difficult country on horseback, and the boy, mounted on his



pony, took the fences and banks in its stride. Though in after years an excessively heavy weight, he has always been a fearless horseman ; but he and his horse often came to grief or parted company, and on one occasion he broke three of his ribs. Twice he narrowly escaped with his life, which he came to believe had been preserved for providential purposes. He told the stories himself, talking to Count Hatzfeld at Versailles. The first time was when "I was on the road home with my brother, and we were riding as fast as the horses would go. Suddenly my brother, who was a little in front, heard a frightful crack. It was my head which was knocked on the road." Happily, though the saddle was broken, the head was only stunned. The other trouble of which he spoke was even more serious. "I was riding fast through young brushwood in a great forest. I wanted to get on by a near cut right through the wood, but I fell with my horse, and lost consciousness. I must have lain there, three hours or so, insensible, for it was getting dark when I woke up. . . . I must have stumbled forward fifteen paces, when I came to the ground and tumbled over the root of a tree. When the doctor examined my hurts, he said it was contrary to all professional rules that I had not broken my neck."

He used to be an enthusiastic sportsman, and a cool and steady shot. There is much mention in his letters of the pleasant days when he slaughtered wolves, and elks, and stags, not to speak of roe and such smaller deer. On a shooting expedition from St. Petersburg he had his usual luck, and had good reason to be proud of his skill. To the disgust of his Russian hosts, he monopolized the laurels of the day, and bagged no fewer than three bears. Nay, even when staying at Ferrières, with the field-telegraph carried into his cabinet, and couriers coming and going every hour, he found time to take a turn with his gun in the pheasant-covers, partly with an eye to the *cuisine*, although his sovereign had placed the Baron's game under the safeguard of general orders. Keen sportsman as he was, even when following the sport, he once showed a very human touch of the kindly sentiment that has been denied him. When on a summer trip to Norderney, he writes to his wife : "Every day I sail for some hours, fish, and shoot at seals. I only killed one of the last : such a gentle dog's face, with large handsome eyes. I was really sorry."

Apocryphal of dogs, the Chancellor is devoted to them ; and he has a passion for miscellaneous pets, giving young bears at

St. Petersburg the run of the Embassy, and bringing litters of fox-cubs into the drawing-room at Schönhausen. Dogs have been his favourites ever since his College days, and some of his later canine companions have become historical characters. At Göttingen, when the refractory student was summoned to an interview by the Dean, he went accompanied by a gigantic hound in a spiked collar, who nearly scared the dignitary out of his senses. At Frankfort Motley found him always surrounded by dogs and children; and at Varzin, on the occasion of the silver wedding, "a big black dog called 'Sultan' was rampaging generally through the apartment and joining in everybody's conversation." For many years his constant companion was a magnificent specimen of the Ulmer breed, given him by Count Holnstein, and it always slept in his room. We believe it was this formidable animal who mounted guard on the threshold of his cabinet at the Berlin Congress, assisting at the Chancellor's confidential interviews with Lord Beaconsfield and other statesmen. The poor dog was basely assassinated by some scoundrel who could not get at his master, and Bismarck's sorrow was as sincere as that of Walter Scott, when, on the day he lost his mastiff Camp, he apologised for not going out to an Edinburgh dinner-party on account of the death of a valued friend.

Pistol practice was perpetually going forward in Bismarck's houses—generally in the garden, but sometimes, in his wilder days, within doors. His secretary and Boswell, Moritz Busch, relates among the practical jokes that used to be played at Schönhausen, that guests who had gone to bed after a heavy supper, were wont to be awakened by pistol-shots that shattered the plaster over their pillows. It is notorious that "mad Bismarck" took a high degree in the art of fencing at Göttingen. His biographer, Hesckiel, tells a dramatic story of his breaking ground by provoking the simultaneous challenges of four Hanoverians, which reminds us of D'Artagnan and the "Three Musketeers." He was not sure as to how he ought to proceed, but thought he would be safe in flinging a "*dumme Junger*" in their faces. However, a friend of the Hanoverians who lived in the house with Bismarck "had seen that he was of the stuff of which good student-chums are made, and induced his companions to revoke or to receive suitable apologies." Nevertheless in his first three terms he fought upward of a score of duels, and he is said to be rather boastful of the indelible scar left on his

cheek by the breaking of an antagonist's sword-blade. He is a powerful swimmer, and proved it once, when he saved the life of his groom who had slipped into the water. Bismarck, who wore the heavy uniform of the *Landwehr*, cast off his sabre and threw himself into the lake. Hampered in the grasp of the drowning man, he had a hard struggle to reach the shore. There was an excited crowd looking on, but no one dared to come to his help. Nothing but pluck and great bodily endurance could have pulled him through ; and the incident created such a sensation that the King formally bestowed upon him a sort of Humane Society's medal. Wearing the decoration at a state ceremony, he was asked what it meant by a foreign diplomatist, who was glittering with medals and orders. "It was given me for saving a life," said Bismarck, contemptuously answering the sneer ; "it is a habit I sometimes have."

There is no denying his personal courage. He was repeatedly under heavy fire, both in the Austrian and French campaigns, showing himself as cool in the saddle as if he had been sitting in his cabinet. Though wounded once, in an attempt on his life, and always with reasonable cause for apprehension, he never took precautions against assassination. "In Grand Pré, too," says Busch, "the Chief showed that he had no fear of any murderous attack upon his person. He went about freely in the narrow streets of the town without a companion, in places where he was quite liable to be attacked." The fact being that with his profound faith in his destiny, he fancies himself immortal, till his work is done. He is undoubtedly superstitious. He dislikes sitting down to dinner with a party of thirteen ; he has attributed many minor misfortunes to having undertaken important work on a Friday, and he is said to believe firmly in prognostications which foretell the year of his death.

On the other hand he is sincerely pious, though his belief or his unbelief has been changing, through successive transitions from free-thinking to broad-thinking. There is an odd medley of the pious and the sentimental, the physical and the metaphysical, in a letter written to his wife from Frankfort in the summer of 1851. "On Saturday evening I went with Rochow and Lynar to Rüdesheim. I then took a boat, went out on the Rhine, swam in the moonlight, eyes and nose only above the water, to the Rat Tower near Bingen, where the bad bishop met his end. There is something strangely dreamy in lying on the water on a still night, slowly driven by the stream

seeing the heavens, with moon and stars above, and on either hand the wood-capped mountains and city spires in the moonlight, without hearing anything but one's own gentle splashing. I should like to swim like that every night. I then drank some very decent wine, and sat for a long time smoking with Lynar on the balcony, the Rhine beneath us. My small Testament and the starry night led to some conversation on Christianity, and I shook earnestly at the Rousseau-like virtue of his soul, only reducing him to silence." The night he passed in the house of the doctor of Douchery, before the memorable interview with the French Emperor, of the books he was in the habit of reading before going to bed, one was seen lying on the floor of his chamber and the other on the table. They were 'The Daily Watchwords of the Moravian Brethren,' and 'Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians.' One evening at Ferrières he remarked to Prince Fürstentein, "if I were no longer a Christian I could not remain for an hour at my post. If I could not count upon my God, assuredly I could not do so upon earthly masters." It was easy for the Frenchmen, who naturally detested him, to sneer at the eccentric and inconsistent Christianity of the man of blood and iron. From the days of Joshua and Moses downwards, those who believed themselves the chosen servants of the Lord or the Ministers of His Providence have always wielded the sword ruthlessly with a clear conscience; witness Cromwell's despatches to the Parliament after the sack of Drogheda, when the Ironsides who poured into the place through the breaches, assuredly did not do the work negligently, and spared neither age nor sex. Bismarck has always deemed it most merciful to take the most summary methods with his enemies; determined on arriving at his ends, he has sought the shortest paths. As to the formidable forces of his own countrymen which he called into the field, he was always more chary of their lives than the strategists and professional soldiers. He condemned Steinmetz—who was afterwards cashiered from his command—after the fearful fighting around Metz, "as a blood-spendthrift," and he distinguished between the bloody battles of the 16th August, when the French had to be kept back at any cost, and the more sanguinary engagements on the 18th at St. Privat, when the flower of the Guard was wantonly sacrificed.

It would seem that Professor Geffcken was much mistaken in saying there is no redeeming touch of softness about Bismarck. On the contrary, he strikes us as sympathetic with the sympathy

of the strong for the strong, and as deeply impressionable. We know that his nerves are finely strung, and that depression comes with the reaction after excitement. We have seen the sentimental mood to which he abandoned himself when drifting down the Rhine in the glimmer of the moonlight. The letters written to his wife in the course of his diplomatic wanderings abound in delightful descriptions of scenery, and are rich in local colouring. We have a panoramic series of the most fascinating pictures of the snow peaks of the Pyrenees, of the dismal Russian wastes and the dark Scandinavian forests, of the surf off Norderney and the cliffs of Bad-Gastein. Above all, he has almost surpassed the best of the brilliant Hungarian painters in depicting a midsummer drive on the dusty Danubian plains, among the sun-browned peasants, the panting cattle, and the market-carts laden with the luscious water-melons and the produce of a semi-tropical irrigation. A fond husband and an affectionate father, no man more delights in the domestic life, and his grandchildren are even greater pets than his dogs.

No one has been shrewder in his dealing with men of all sorts ; he made his way, when on his promotion, by self-reliant but well-timed audacity, and on occasion by tact with an affectation of modesty ; although since he attained to the superior rank of dictator, he has been sometimes swayed, as we said, by the sympathy of the strong with the strong. Should he ever again have to dictate conditions of peace, his enemies ought to have been taught by experience, that much depends on the choice of an envoy. He respected the firm patriotism of M. Thiers, and was induced to make him a present of Belfort. He got on excellently with M. Pouyer-Quertier, in whom he found an intelligent financier, and an agreeable and jovial table companion. But he felt profound contempt for the emotional and impressive M. Favre, which was deepened, if possible, when Favre paraded his tears in proclamations and manifestoes, after imploring the Chancellor to keep the secret of his weakness. Bismarck is fond of hearing himself talk, and he can draw with admirable *verve* and point on an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and reminiscences. But no man knows better when it is wise to be silent. He won the heart of old Metternich at Johannisberg, by listening complacently through a long evening, and "merely," as he said himself, "ringing the bell" to the veteran. "That is what pleases garrulous old people," he added. He has often told the now familiar story of how he brought Count Thun, the Austrian



envoy to the Frankfort Diet, to his bearings by demanding a light from His Excellency's cigar, "which he gave me with rather an astonished look." Even more amusing was his piquant account of the important part played by tobacco, on his initiation, at the formal meetings of the Diet. The Austrian President had monopolized the privilege of smoking. Again Bismarck, by way of vindicating the dignity of Prussia, pulled out his cigar-case and begged for "fire." The other members were nearly as much scandalized by his presumption as the President. "It was evidently an event for them. That time only Austria and Prussia smoked." But by degrees the minor Powers successively put forward their pretensions, till finally the Diet was democratized and the Council table was enveloped in cigar-smoke.

The Chancellor, who began life as a petty government official with a trifling salary, and who was afterwards the land-agent of an insolvent father on an embarrassed estate, has lived to be a very wealthy man, and his wealth is daily increasing. Since he has had money to take care of he has been invariably prudent, and has made a point of living within his means. His personal tastes and habits are simple, and he had no notion of sacrificing his solvency to his country. Talking to General Von Werder about his mission to St. Petersburg, he recalled the distribution of his thalers, and descended to the reminiscences of servants' tips. "I could not stand those drains," he went on. "I found out, however, that I was not expected to spend more than my salary, so I eked it out by keeping no company." Since then, however the grateful liberality of his late master and his countrymen has set him above the necessity of looking closely after thalers. He has shown himself in all respects an admirable man of business, and his versatility in agricultural and industrial speculations has been extremely remunerative. Probably no properties in North Germany are better managed than his. He is a liberal and enlightened landlord; he interests himself in farming, stock-breeding and planting; he has become one of the most extensive timber merchants in his district; he has established distilleries and flourishing paper-mills. Had his destiny not made him the foremost man in Europe, he would have probably made himself tolerably happy as a model landowner and country magistrate; choleric, self-willed, and imperiously masterful, keeping open house for the neighbours who knocked under to him, and generous to the dependants who obeyed his nod.

A. I. SHAND.

## Comedy of a Country House.

BY JULIAN STURGIS.

AUTHOR OF "THRALDOM," "JOHN MAIDMENT," ETC.

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### CHAPTER XVIII.

SO soon as Archie reached home, he carried the paper straight to his uncle, who was in the library. He expected to produce an effect, and he was not disappointed. The clear keen eyes of Sir Villiers had scarcely fallen on the paper, when he uttered a sound as if somebody had seized him by the throat, and turned so red that Archie's thoughts flew to apoplexy. But no repetition of the alarming sound nor of any sound more intelligible came from this well-controlled middle-aged gentleman, until his eyes going quickly down the page came to the scraps of the essay. "And this—this," he then said, crumpling the paper and thrusting it at his nephew—"this infernal stuff? Did you write it?"

Archie explained hastily, and with his most soothing manner, for the idea of apoplexy returned with each alternate moment, that they were the worst scraps of a boyish essay written by him at Oxford.

Sir Villiers rose and with trembling hands tore the paper across and across; then he stuffed it into the fireplace and thrust the poker down upon it as if it could feel his wrath. Archie had hoped for an effect, but this seemed altogether too serious; he had supposed that nothing could move from his propriety this cool, well-appointed man of the world; now in his eyes his uncle banging the poker into the fireplace looked like a furious old man, full ten years older than yesterday. The boy looked at him, open-mouthed and pitiful; he was uncommonly sorry; he knew not what to say. As he saw his uncle turning after a last bang at the grate and making for the door, his wish

to offer some comfort made him stammer a lame request for advice.

"Advice!" cried Sir Villiers, not even looking at his nephew; "what good is advice when you have written that?" He made no pause but went straight to the door, fumbled with its handle, uttered an angry exclamation and wrenched it open.

Archie, left alone, felt very unhappy. Here was none of the fun which he had expected from the interview. He sat down in a chair and looked ruefully into the fire, wondering whether the wrath of this good uncle, to whom he felt under decided obligations, would last for ever; whether he would go away and transfer all the troublesome details of stables, cellars and such things abruptly to him; and whether he would take it for granted that the author of these Radical fragments, now unhappily given to the world, could not preside at a public Conservative meeting. That at least would be a small gain; but it seemed equally likely that he would have to face another scene equally unpleasant, and state most aggravating reasons for declining to attend this ill-omened meeting. Thus, wondering and uncomfortable, he sat till the door opened and Lord Hackbut came in. The old Lord came in with a most sardonic grin on his face.

Archie jumped up to meet him. "You have met my uncle?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lord Hackbut.

"I am afraid he is awfully annoyed," said Archie.

"Villiers takes things too seriously; he always does. Where's this paper he spoke about?"

"There," said Archie laughing, and pointing at some black volatile fragments, the remains of his explosive essay.

"Well!" said the old Lord. "What was it all about!"

Archie explained as well as he could the substance of the offending article; but the man of long experience cut short his description of the youthful "Politics and Hunger." "I know it," he said with a chuckle; "clever boys all begin with it. It don't matter. The only question is what you must do about it. In my early days it might have been the horsewhip, but that would strike your friend Peek as an anachronism, I'm afraid." Here his broken tooth reappeared with an effect of savage humour. "Besides," he continued, "he would stick his beating in his paper and make money of it; and have you up in court and make more money. You must write to the paper and say

it is unauthorized and does not represent your views. Write to the *Times*—not to your friend's dirty sheet."

"Yes, I can do that," said Archie.

"Yes," said the old Lord; "and I will see too that especial notice is taken by the confounded Press of the fact that you preside at our meeting to-morrow night. To preside at a Tory meeting is the best answer to a charge of Radicalism."

There was an awkward pause, of which the awkwardness was Archie's, and then he said, "Yes, but the worst of it is that I can't go to your meeting."

"What?" said the old Lord, bending his head towards the youth as if he had suddenly grown deaf—"What do you say?"

"I had made up my mind, before I saw that paper, not to go to the meeting."

Lord Hackbut looked at him sideways like a grim enquiring raven. At length he said, "You don't still believe in all that," and he nodded at the charred remnants of the newspaper.

"No," said Archie stoutly; "but I don't believe in the other stuff either. I am rather uncertain what I am, but I know I am not a Conservative; and I know that I won't preside at a meeting because I've been announced to preside without my consent. It seems to me that that was just as unfair as what Beck did." He grew hot as he spoke, and ended with some indignation in his tone.

"No, we ain't as bad as Peek," said the old Lord slowly, and still viewing Archie with his curious sidelong look.

"We made a mistake," he said presently; "it was your uncle's fault; he said you agreed to everything which was settled for you."

"It was more my fault than his," said Archie quickly; "I have given him plenty of reason to suppose that I would agree to anything."

Lord Hackbut lowered himself into a large and low arm-chair and stuck out his great under-lip till it projected beyond his large bent nose. "Well," he said at last, "I am not altogether surprised. I was inclined to think that you were not such a hopeless sawney as your relations supposed."

"Thank you," said Archie softly.

Lord Hackbut seemed to be in deep thought. Presently from his almost prostrate position he looked up queerly at the young man, and said, "Well!"

"Well?" echoed Archie.

"Since it appears," said the old Lord, "that after all there is something in you, why shouldn't we make a compact. I will give you my word that you shan't be bothered about this meeting, by your uncle or anybody else, if you will promise to have nothing to do with the other party."

The impulsive youth was on the very point of expressing ready agreement, when, as if he felt the atmosphere of diplomacy which surrounded the older man, he hesitated. So soon as he hesitated, he perceived that he was offered nothing valuable except that non-attendance at the meeting which was already certain, while he on his side was about to pledge himself either to be a Conservative or to abstain for ever from politics. He then suggested with becoming deference that Lord Hackbut should promise that nothing should be said, either at the meeting or elsewhere, which should connect him in any way with the one Party; and that he, on his side, should promise not to join the other Party for at least a year.

"Nor to assist them with money?" said Lord Hackbut promptly.

"All right!" said Archie, after a moment's thought; "I will give no help of any kind to any political object for a full year from to-day."

"Agreed!" said the old Lord, hoisting himself out of the chair with surprising alacrity. "The fact is," he then said, "that there is a trumpety cogging sheet in Langstone, which has been three parts dead for the last ten years; and as soon as they see what your friend Peek has printed, they will be down on you to put your money in it. If the Editor could pay for a fly, he'd have been over here to-day."

Archie looked at his friend with a doubtful eye, but presently he could not help laughing. "I have promised," he said; "but, if anything is said which implies that I sympathise with your People, I'll send a cheque to that Langstone Paper."

Lord Hackbut was now standing firmly on strong bowed legs with his back to the fire. He chuckled over his own thoughts. "Well," he said at last, "I have more hopes of you. You may grow into some sort of a man yet."

"Thank you," said Archie again. "I suppose," he suggested with deference, "that you will persuade my uncle to take the chair to-morrow?"

"No," said Lord Hackbut; "I'll take it myself; it'll annoy Palfrey."



It seemed to Archie as if his day had been unusually full. He had risen early ; he had been up to London and come back again ; he had been roughly shaken, as it were, into a more adequate conception of his own importance in the world. Who could be blind to the strong desire for his capture who had witnessed such measures taken for that end ? A town placarded by one kind friend, and the streets of London flooded by another ! It seemed to Archie, looking back to his leap from bed in the early morning, as if it was a day preternaturally long, and as if he had grown to manhood in its few hours of light. As he went upstairs to dress for dinner, he thought with satisfaction that he could give some twenty minutes to rest and to quiet consideration of much which Tom Rutherford, and of something which Lord Hackbut had said. He foresaw the comfort of his bedroom, so much larger and more luxurious than any bedroom which he had enjoyed in earlier days, with a novel satisfaction ; and the idea of the newly-lit fire, in which heretofore he had acquiesced indifferently as a part of his new splendour, now warmed his imagination while he was yet upon the stair. When with a smile of content he opened the door of his room, a new surprise awaited him. No comfortable firelight was there, nor pleasant warmth. With the aid of one candle his man was emptying a chest of drawers, and a pile of his clothes sat solid on his writing-table.

This little surprise at the end of the day produced in Archie a sharper annoyance than the far more important events of its earlier hours. "What are you doing?" he asked rather sharply.

The man turned and showed a surprise equal to that of his employer. "Doesn't your Lordship know?" he asked ; "your Lordship has been moved into the little buff room."

"And where is the little buff room?" asked Archie, beginning to smile.

"At the far end of the bachelor's passage, my Lord. I've put out all the things your Lordship will want ; and I was just going to put away some of the rest down-stairs till after the ball."

"After the ball?" repeated Archie vaguely.

"Yes, my Lord, the ball on Thursday night."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Archie ; for the man was looking at him with as much wonder as was compatible with respect.

"Yes, my Lord," continued the man, who was made loquacious

by the coming event ; "Mrs. Dormer told the housekeeper that the house would be quite full from to-morrow till Friday, and that she was sure that your Lordship would not mind being moved for three nights ; and as this room will be wanted and the little buff room is so very small, I thought that I had better take some of your Lordship's things down to my room till the guests had gone."

"Yes, yes, of course, quite right," said Archie ; and he went off to look for the little buff room. As he sought this more humble apartment, he remembered that his aunt had said something to him of dancing after dinner one night ; and that he had wondered for a moment if this dancing were to be for the entertainment of Mr. Palfrey, and if that eminent statesman would sit, like an Oriental politician, cross-legged and contemplative on the drawing-room ottoman, while damsels arose and danced before him. Archie, seeking his room, which was after all quite large enough to be found without undue difficulty, hoped with an easy heart that, if Palfrey waited for the little dance, he would like it. The question of his own enjoyment raised other questions ; and not one of them was easy to answer. However, it was easy to say to himself that he generally did enjoy things, when they came.

It was certain that he could not prevent this dance from coming. In the first place it was too late to interfere ; in the second he felt that he had asserted himself enough for one day, and that it was enough to have offended one near relation ; and finally he shrank more from thwarting a woman's scheme than a man's. And after all the scheme seemed harmless enough ; or at least it seemed that it would be entirely his own fault, another effect of his own dangerous passivity, if harm came of it to him. Sufficient for the day had been its own adventures and contentions.

Such thoughts occupied Archie, as he dressed himself with more than usual speed, for indeed the fire in the little buff room was no comfort at all. He felt himself being gradually roasted ; in despair he pulled back the curtains and dashed the window open, and allowed himself to be alternately cooked and chilled on one side and the other ; and soon he emerged flushed and gasping and inhaled the air of his grand staircase as if it were a highland hill.

"So there is to be a ball," he said to his aunt, when she entered the drawing-room.

"Why, what a dreamy boy you are!" she said, smiling sweetly; "I told you of our little dance."

"I didn't know it was to be a County Ball," said Archie.

Mrs. Dormer laughed low. "It's only a few of the neighbours," she said; "you must do something for the neighbours."

"But there's to be a house full of people too."

"Oh, one must have some people," she said vaguely; "do go and take Jane into dinner; she looks so alarmingly hungry. I wish I had any appetite. Lord Hackbut! You are to take me."

"Enchanted," said Lord Hackbut offering his sturdy arm; "we will be happy comparing doctors."

The lady smiled again with the same sweet vagueness. "You are a bad man," she said absently, as she put her hand on his arm and followed her guests into the dining-room;—"you are a bad man, but you do amuse me."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Archie could sleep anywhere; and, though the little buff room was small and the bed too short for him, he slept as soundly as if he were in a log-cabin in the heart of a forest of pines, or rolled in his blanket under a hedge in a cool summer night of England. He slept soundly; but, when he was awake again, he was soon aware of the feverish atmosphere of the house. This was the day of his uncle's great Conservative Meeting and the day before his aunt's little dance; and almost everybody was affected by the coming events. At his very door he ran against a housemaid unnecessarily moving something from one place to another; and, had he enjoyed any experience of a large establishment, he would have inferred at once from that one housemaid's air that all the household were in a state of unusual commotion. All that day they would be spasmodically busy about unimportant trifles, enjoying a fine fuss and bustle, running against each other in the passages, and coming frequently for orders which they frequently forgot.

The nervous agitation was by no means confined to the servants. Lord Hackbut was perhaps the only man in the house who kept his usual state; or, if there were any change in him it was merely a stronger infusion of irony which was caused by the nervousness of his neighbours.

If Sir Villiers Hickory was agitated, he controlled his agitation well. Archie at least, who met his uncle with manifest anxiety, perceived no change from his usual manner, and no change in his habits except that he asked him rather formally if he approved of certain orders which he was sending to the stables. It was necessary to make arrangements for conveying Mr. Palfrey and his speech to and from Langstone, and also for meeting the guests who were coming on that day for the dance of the next evening. All these arrangements Sir Villiers had made as usual ; but he was now careful to ask his nephew's approval of them ; his nephew hastened to acquiesce. In calculating how many people were likely to attend Mr. Palfrey and his meeting, Sir Villiers made no mention of Archie ; and Archie inferred with relief that his uncle had accepted Lord Hackbut's compromise.

In Mr. Palfrey, as was natural, the prevailing fever was more manifest, though in him it showed itself for the most part in an excessive ostentation of ease. He was more talkative, more friendly, at times almost jocular ; but he could not sit still for long in one place ; his silences were sudden and eyes glassy. When he was walking about, his lips moved ; sudden tremulous smiles came and went on his face. "Do you see him ?" said Lord Hackbut, when Mr. Palfrey for no reason had wandered out of the room ; he is rehearsing an impromptu. His man has gone into Langstone to arrange for an interruption. You know the sort of thing ; you will see it in the paper to morrow ; it costs five shillings—"A voice in brackets asking, How about Whatdyecallem ?" and then Mr. Palfrey resuming, 'I think I hear some good friend asking, How about Whatdyecallem ? I will tell my good friend all about Whatdyecallem.' Here he stops for laughter ; and, when the laughing is done, out comes the Impromptu."

Archie laughed politely ; and Tony would have laughed too, had not his whole attention been given to his pulse, which at the moment he was counting furtively. Tony was conscious of an accession of fever, which was doubtless due also to the general atmosphere of the house.

If the men were nervous, the women were but little better. It is true that Miss Lock showed no sign of agitation, but seemed intent upon the fine work which she was doing. It is true also that Mrs. Chauncey sat quiet in her place ; but Clara Chauncey at least was in a state so electrical that it may well be believed that she would have emitted sparks in the dark. She was

talking to Dora, talking with deference and with zeal, but forcing herself to talk quietly and in a low tone, that Lady Jane might not hear her words. Presently Dora rose to leave the room, and Clara, still talking, followed her; and so soon as the door had closed behind them, the pent-up irritability, which was the form which nervousness took in Lady Jane Lock, found vent in words. She had observed, before, the advances which Mrs. Chauncey was making to Mrs. Rutherford; and, though Clara had not become less anxiously civil to herself, she resented these advances to the enemy as mere desertion. In her eyes there was no excuse for the presence of Mrs. Chauncey but obsequious devotion to herself. "Really, Susan," she said to Mrs. Dormer, when the door closed, "I am grateful that some decent women are coming here to-day. I really cannot think how you can sit there smiling."

"You know that I am told to, dear," said Susan Dormer, who showed no sign of any disturbance of the nerves.

"Told to!" echoed Lady Jane, with a voice made hoarse by the desire not to be audible at the further end of the room. "Told to! Told to sit quiet and see such things going on in the house?"

"What things, dear?"

Lady Jane replied with a look full of meaning and a side glance at Elizabeth.

"Shall I go away?" asked the girl calmly.

"Certainly not! What do you mean? You can go on with your work and not listen."

"But I can't work with my fingers in my ears," said Elizabeth with a faint smile, and slipping the work into its silken bag she left the room.

"I can't think what has come to her," said Lady Jane after a short silence; "that is the way she answers me. But who can wonder at it? A nice well-brought-up girl to find herself in the society of such women!"

"Good gracious, Jane!" murmured Mrs. Dormer placidly, "you don't mean me?"

"I mean your guests," said Lady Jane with warmth.

"Well, you know, dear," said Susan unruffled. "I've told you before that I was obliged to ask somebody; and of course you would not have liked another girl; and nowadays when you come to young married women——"

"I can't see the necessity of Mrs. Rutherford."



"I didn't ask her, dear."

"No. Her conduct throughout has been without excuse. But Mrs. Chauncey? You did ask Mrs. Chauncey. May I ask why I am expected to meet a Mrs. Chauncey?"

"Oh, poor dear Clara!" said Susan blandly; "she was a Malingerer. What can you expect from a Malingerer?" Mrs. Dormer's smile, as she thus disposed of a whole noble family, was absolutely seraphic.

To Archie at the further end of the room a word of the women's talk came now and then and made him uncomfortable. He wished more than ever that there was some definite occupation for the day. At least he could not spend any more of the day in that morning-room trying to find amusement and instruction in the daily paper, and vaguely troubled by suggestions of female gossip and by the feverish atmosphere of the time. Movement in the outer air was always the best cure for his troubles. He put down the unsatisfying journal, and went out from the room and from the house.

So soon as he was out of doors, Archie bethought him of an object, and forthwith he stepped away at a good steady pace to visit an outlying tenant, who had had a difference of opinion with the agent. The difference was slight, and the real object of the walk was that gradual soothing of the ruffled spirits which comes from good walking. It was a sullen day and neutral-tinted; and there was little to turn away the wayfarer's eyes from the road on which he went. He missed his way once or twice; and, since the roads were nearly empty, he was forced to rap once with his stick on a cottage door, and a little later to stoop under the porch of a sleepy little ale-house, before he found his doubtful farmer. When at last he did find him, he found that the small difference had been adjusted; and so, when he had sat awhile in the kitchen chatting with the farmer's wife, and had accepted and eaten a big slice of her cake, he set off to trudge home again in more contented mood.

He walked, and walked with good effect, for temperate sane thoughts seemed to keep time with that temperate sane exercise, which is at once the cheapest, the easiest and the best. And yet, as he drew nearer to his home, his spirits drooped a little. It was an upland farm which he had visited, and he could not help fancying that he was now sloping downward to a laxer atmosphere. He even wondered, boy though he was, if he had said good-bye for ever to the old liveliness of life. Still he kept

his steady pace with the real British faith in 'doggedness, and chid himself for idle fancies. He thought that a man should keep moving to some good end, and take the ups and downs of spirits as they came. When at last he was within the limits of his Park, he was still far from the house; and it was there, in a secluded part of his domain, that he saw a sight which gave him a more real cause for depression.

That which Archie saw and which made him stop suddenly in his walk, was by no means a remarkable spectacle. In front of him and moving likewise towards the house were Dora Rutherford and Leonard Vale. He looked and wondered why the sight annoyed him. He could not change the fact by the wondering; he was much annoyed. He had known that these two were very great friends; he had told Tom Rutherford in London that Dora seemed to like Lenny; and he had told it then carelessly, with no second thought at all. Perhaps in some idle moment he had wondered why Dora was interested in this man, whom he could not help regarding as a poor creature; but he had thought little about it. But now there was something in the look of the two, as they moved slowly over the short grass, which annoyed him very much. It was hard to say what this something was; but Archie seemed to see in the long thin figure of the youth an air of tenderness and devotion, which, as it seemed to him uneasily regarding them, Dora should have resented. He wished to see her quicken her pace and walk with prouder air; but her steps were slow, and she wore the air of one who listens. Archie could even fancy sympathy in the bend of her fine head. The earnest talk, which he imagined between them, vexed him as he was seldom vexed. There came back on him with a sharp vividness a scene, which he had all but forgotten; he saw Dora fall with a cry beside the little stream in the valley, and the strange looks of Leonard Vale as he hurried to her side, the extravagant signs of grief and fear.

"He is a poor creature any way," Archie said to himself. He recalled Tom Rutherford's opinion of Lenny, and then it struck him, as it had not struck him at the time, that Tom had said not a word more about Lenny, when he, Archie, had once blurted out the statement that Dora seemed to like him. What right had Dora to be so friendly intimate with one, whom her husband held so unworthy? The sight of Dora walking slowly beside this bending and devoted youth made him for the first time in his life angry with her. He promptly condemned himself

for this unreasonable anger ; but he was angry. He stood still, till they had walked beyond his ken, and then walked on again also. But now there was no longer any doubt that he was out of sorts ; his feet dragged ; he felt a most real reluctance to enter his noble portals. It seemed as if that castle of his was an emblem of the elaborate tiresome structure of society, raised for the purpose of increasing needs and needlessly complicating life, inventing daily duties which did good to nobody, fostering in its hot luxurious rooms mean ambitions and dangerous desires. Had this hot-house air and idleness changed the playmate of his boyhood to a shifty-flirting woman of fashion ? He was sure not, and yet he was not content. Standing there, he had a vision of a fair hill-side above a laughing sea, and feeding sheep, and simple life wherein a chief duty would not be to find something for other men and women to do for him. He saw Tom returning in the evening from the plough, and Dora bringing in the dinner. Where was the golden age ? Our fathers looked back for it and we correct their error. If he should look forward, might not that be an error also ? Or was it not too far away, beyond all dreaming, too far for comfort to the young hopeful heart greedy of a nearer good ?

The enormous weariness of little things weighed on him like a nightmare. This monstrous dwelling-place, at which he stared, had been added to and adorned by generation after generation of short-lived, toiling men ; till now, in the fulness of time, the end of all the care and all the toil was seen to be this colossal and intricate structure which weighed upon its owner's soul. The wasted labours of mankind seemed fixed for ever there ; there it stood, a solid, inevitable fact, vast, labyrinthine, and obscure as the laws of England. Thence his thoughts leapt to the speech which Mr. Palfrey would deliver that evening ; and he foresaw with a new clearness the clever evasions, brilliant misrepresentations, effective repartees, the whole, too, a monstrous and elaborate erection, and not one useful undistorted fact pressed home to the gaping hearers. All things seemed to young Lord Lorrilaire at that dark moment to have been made on one pattern ; castles, orations, reputations, the fine gradations of social state, the ingenious measures of politicians, all were no better than imposing shams, all the vain product of a dinning universal machinery ; and this Mr. Palfrey, who had dedicated himself unasked to the service of his fellow-men, had been building through long weeks a brand-new Langley Castle

of deceptive phrases, which, when the next day's papers had gone their way to the dust-bin, would straightway vanish into air, with all its shadowy porticoes, its long connected passages and topless towers, and vanishing, leave not a twopenny loaf behind.

## CHAPTER XX.

Archie's imagination was capable at times of these amazing feats. He saw two young people returning from an afternoon's short walk, and lo! what a fantastic building he, too, had raised in five minutes on how small a foundation! The universe was a universe of laborious vanities, because a young man and a young woman had walked together in his park, or rather because he could not understand at a glance why they conversed with an earnest air.

The truth is that Archie was not wrong in thinking that the talk of Dora Rutherford and Leonard Vale had been less commonplace and more interesting than that which generally accompanies the sober constitutional. Archie had witnessed the return from an interview of reconciliation. Dora had been much offended on the Saturday evening, when the respectful Mr. Vale had pushed a note into her hand. She had allowed her contemptuous eyes to read the offending scrap, before she dropped it, and she had admitted to herself at once that the words were harmless enough. The writer had merely implored her to give him a chance of speaking to her, and she had decided at once that the prayer was entirely and satisfactorily explained by their league for the saving of Lord Lorrilaire. When she came to argument, Dora could prove to herself in a moment that the incident was of no importance; but she had not waited to argue before she felt offence. She was offended; and she wished at once to punish the young man for his momentary departure from that humble attitude, which it pleased her to believe was and always would be his attitude towards her. She meant him to know at once that in forcing a clandestine note upon her, he had passed those limits which she ruled so accurately. Of course the note was harmless; she would not even imagine the possibility of his writing to her a note which was not addressed as to a superior being; but nevertheless he had been guilty of stupidity, awkwardness, a marked fault in taste; and he must be made to recognize this

fact immediately. Dora had lost no time in teaching Leonard Vale that she disapproved of his conduct ; and her method was such, that no doubt was left in his mind of the reality of her disapproval. If she had cast at him an indignant glance, or turned on him with flashing eyes, or even swept by him without a look, he would have been but little abashed. His instinctive recognition of the ways of women would have assured him that she was but half offended ; and he would have replied to the dramatic display of indignation with the contrite air and the imploring eyes, which, as he would have felt at once, were expected of him. But Dora simply ignored the incident, and Mr. Vale was promptly miserable. He could detect no sign of indignation nor of pardon. She neither averted her eyes, nor seemed to notice his pathetic looks. Only during two whole days he found not a chance to say to her anything more interesting than "Good morning ;" the days were tedious beyond all endurance. If she had shown signs of ignoring his existence, it would have been a comfort to him ; but she seemed to be quite well aware of his existence, and for the rest, to be in her usual health and spirits. With bitter mortification he felt himself of no more weight with her than a grain of dust ; at moments he hated her. He went away with a certain ostentation like a spoiled child, and he cursed her under his breath like an ill-governed man.

Then Clara Chauncey had taken her opportunity. For the first time since Dora's coming she had sought the dejected youth, and had treated him to a nice mixture of banter and sympathy. She had examined his wounds with a cool enquiring eye and had pronounced her opinion on them with her usual frankness ; and at last with much dexterity she had won from him that story of the note, which she knew already. Then with all the air of a good comrade she had offered to go to Mrs. Rutherford and make his peace ; and Lenny had been effusively grateful. And now Clara Chauncey was able to make use of that better opinion of herself, which she had been building up so craftily in Dora's mind. She could approach Dora now, and be sure of a kind reception, be sure that Dora saw the coming of one who had suffered much from the unkindness of the world, and who came to her for advice and help. So Clara had come to Dora, and with straight gaze of the round brown eyes, and almost blunt directness of speech, had spoken to her of Leonard Vale. Dora had been easily captivated by this frankness, and



by the clear perception which Clara showed of the young man's weakness, and of her own paramount influence with him. Mrs. Chauncey spoke with candour of her own old friendship for the boy, but confessed that she had no power over him, and expressed her wonder at Dora's extraordinary influence. All this was very pleasant to Dora, confirming in every point her own theories of the situation; and it was not long before she consented to hear the young delinquent's apologies, and to set him once more in that straight path, in which it seemed that only her direction could keep him. "It is simply life and death to him," Mrs. Chauncey had said, gazing at Dora with the unabashed curiosity of a child; "I can't understand it." Dora had laughed at this exaggeration of her powers; but yet the wonder of this other woman, who was by no means stupid, was like delicate incense to her.

When Leonard Vale after three days of discomfort was permitted at last to plead for pardon, he was very careful to preserve the expected attitude. He offered no excuse except his pitiable weakness, his fatal habit of doing the wrong thing; and he begged for pity and pardon as from a being, whom he knew well he had no right to approach. And yet Dora, though she made light of the affair and cut short his protestations, was not quite happy during the necessary interview. The suppliant seemed more feverish than she liked. She saw in a moment that this feverishness was but another proof, where no other was needed, of utter weakness; she thought him looking ill too, hectic and dark about the eyes; she was really sorry for him. Since she alone could help him, she must not allow any idle fancies of hers, any shrinking from a somewhat feverish atmosphere to divert her from this interesting duty. And yet she was glad when the interview was over and they had returned to the house, and she could shake off with her neat overcoat the feeling which displeased her. She wished that her pupil would begin to show a little more strength, a little less of this almost abject devotion which made her uncomfortable in spite of her arguments. She felt as if she too caught a little fever from so hectic a creature; and yet he was interesting in his weakness. She had a love of risk, and, though of course there could be no risk here, the idea that others might think that she was playing a risky game thrilled her a little. She knew her own strength; the games, which she was playing there, were not really perilous, but they required courage and skill; she meant

to win the games. She was like a confident lady, who has tamed a soft sleek tiger, whom only the spectators think dangerous ; she would show them how she could lead him and teach him. Poor human tiger ! He did look ill too ; she must not be too hard on him ; he never showed the merest pin-point of a claw ; his education could be conducted wholly by methods of kindness.

And now the day, which had been tiresome for almost all the inmates of Langley Castle, began to slide imperceptibly from its dull greyness to the less dismal shades of evening. The Castle became gay with lights, and fires burned more brightly ; and presently carriages arrived bringing the new guests, who came for the next night's ball ; and carriages departed carrying Mr. Palfrey and his fortunes, for the orator was to dine with the Mayor of Langstone before unburdening himself for ever of that oppressive speech. And Lord Hackbut went too, with Sir Villiers Hickory and some other gentlemen, who were among the new arrivals, and who, as persons notoriously connected with politics, felt it a duty to show an interest in a leader's speech, if it were to explode anywhere within a measurable distance.

So bustle and animation closed the day which had displayed a want of vitality ; and among the young men and young women who had come to dance, no one showed a kinder spirit or a more innocent-seeming wish to be happy and to make others happy than little Mrs. Chauncey. To the elder women her manner seemed almost to apologise for her presence ; and on the younger she looked kindly, a little sadly, as if she would not venture to bring her delicate sorrows near to their young happiness. Only she sought the girl who suffered so much from shyness, and won her mother's heart by inducing her to smile and even to answer once or twice. This mother always said afterwards, when Clara's name was mentioned, as it often was, that she knew that there had been ill-natured stories, but that she must say for her part that she had never known a more good-natured kind-hearted little woman, and that that was something.

About noon of the next day, which was Thursday, Tom Rutherford was standing in his study with a little note in his hand and a dangerous look in his face. His writing-table was covered with papers and signs of work, and on the floor near to the fire lay the morning's paper, which contained not only the full report of Mr. Palfrey's speech, but also a short letter from

Lord Lorrilaire. Archie had written briefly that he much disliked writing about himself and his opinions, since he was well aware that he had done nothing which should make either him or his opinions a matter of interest to the public; but that he was compelled to say that the fragments of a boyish essay of his, which had been published in a popular evening-paper, had been published without his consent, and that they did not express his opinions. When Tom Rutherford had read this short letter and had assured himself that the name of Lord Lorrilaire did not occur in the account of the Conservative Meeting at Langstone, he had thrown down the paper with cordial approval of his young friend. He had thrown down the paper without even reading the report of Mr. Palfrey's oration; he knew Mr. Palfrey and the points which he would make in the present state of affairs.

But Rutherford had not been at work long, when he was interrupted by his servant, who brought a note, and apologised for his entrance by pointing out that the note was marked "important." He had found the note in the letter-box; there was no stamp or post-mark on it; it had been pushed into the box with no knock or ring to announce it.

Alone in his room Tom held the little scrap of paper with the charred edge; a dark flush was on his face. The words on the scrap of paper were not important; they were even meaningless without the part, which had been burnt off. "Pray give me a chance of speaking to you! I must see you. I am most awfully——" and that was all, for fire had made the rest illegible. But this crumpled and charred fragment had been wrapped in the smoother neater note, which now lay on the writing-table beneath Tom's eyes, a short note too, written in French and in a foreign-looking hand. The French language is, it is said, more capable than our clumsier tongue of delicate suggestion. This note was suggestive, perhaps delicately suggestive, playful, ironical; it professed to come from a friend, and to convey a poor scrap, which had drifted to him by chance (for it slipped out, as if by accident, that the friend was masculine)—a poor imperfect sample of autumn leaves which were flying to and fro, as the writer poetically put it, in gay profusion.

This little note, like the accompanying fragment, had no signature. Tom was angry. He dashed his fist down upon the little mean note, which lay open on the table before him. The pain helped him; he saw that one of his knuckles was bleeding,

and he wound his handkerchief round his hand. Then he placed the two notes in their envelope, and this envelope in a larger one of his own, sealed it carefully and locked it in a safe drawer. From the tumult of feelings one purpose had already emerged. He would go down to Langley and take his stand by his wife. It was the natural impulse of this man to protect the weak ; and, when an attack was made on the woman, whom before all he was bound to protect, there could be no doubt of his first duty. But, though there was relief in having decided on action, Tom Rutherford was still hot with anger. He was angry with himself for having let his wife go alone to Langley. He was angry with this base anonymous writer, who was trying to injure his wife. He was angry with Dora too, who should have taken care that *his* wife gave no excuse, however slight, for vile malicious tongues. And there was yet another against whom his anger turned with sudden flare. He had not a doubt but that it was Leonard Vale, whose tricks and manners had set malice to work ; he could see the romantic airs of this professional philanderer, who had always stirred his wrath ; he could imagine the smug complacency with which he enjoyed the chance of being talked about with a charming woman. Tom could not scourge himself for his folly, nor strike the writer of the note, for he had not a doubt that the writer was a woman ; but, when he thought of Leonard Vale, his wounded fist clenched itself and his jaw was set like a fighter's. Nothing, it seemed, could allay the heat of his anger but the giving of good blows. He controlled himself with a strong effort, knowing well that, when he went to Langley, he must consider nothing but the interest of his wife, and that there was small hope that her interests would be furthered by a violent attack on the man, whom he wished to beat. Forcing himself to be calm, he put away his papers and books, each in its place, selected an afternoon's train, and gave orders for the packing of his portmanteau. It was lucky that Archie's pressing invitation to him made his unannounced appearance at Langley sufficiently natural ; and he could trust himself to act with sense and sobriety, even under the eyes of his anonymous friend, if she were there.

## CHAPTER XXI.

At Langley Castle during all that Thursday there was still fever and fret. It is true that the great orator's speech had been lifted from within and delivered to an expectant world, and that this element of disquiet had passed away. The Right Honourable Palfrey had received the congratulations of those friends who had heard his speech, and the yet more hearty congratulations of those who had not heard it, and who hoped to make up by warmth of admiration for their undeniable absence from the meeting. The Right Honourable gentleman had an air of relief, as one on whom a successful operation has been performed; he was rid of a secret burden; he was breathing freely again. Mr. Palfrey felt a further relief when he said good-bye to Lord Hackbut, who departed in his own carriage for the other side of the county; and, when he was in the London train with his legs comfortably wrapped in his rug, he even whistled a little, a little out of tune, and, unfolding the *Punch* of the day before, smiled superior at the political cartoon. He felt that all speech-making and no play might make even him a dull boy; and that this was one of the moments when, safely delivered of his oration and from the sardonic eye of Lord Hackbut, he might dare to be decorously frivolous.

But, though the fever of politics thus passed away from Langley, it seemed as if there was no abatement of the whole amount of feverishness. A double portion went into the preparations for the ball. Mrs. Dormer's little dance was assuming vast proportions. A little army of workmen had occupied the house and spread themselves over the adjacent ground. Within was the moving of furniture, the transfer of confused guests from room to room, the putting up and taking down of decorations, collisions in the passages, bustle and dust. Without, the whole terrace was being covered by a vast tent-like erection, which sprawled around the house and stretched even to the base of the old tower. Every room in the house was full; and indeed, that all the guests might be taken in, a general shuffling of inmates had been found necessary. Among others Dora had resigned with becoming cheerfulness her spacious and sumptuous apartment, and had taken herself and her ball-gown to a little single room, which was good enough, as she said, for one who had had no invitation. In the tornado of changes only one being remained absolutely serene.



Susan Dormer, having unloosed the whirlwinds, sat, as her physician advised, in a state of wholesome placidity. Calm as a contemplative idol sitting cross-legged with the soles of its feet turned up to heaven, she sat with her little mouth delicately ajar, and seemed to smile absently on the confusion which she had made.

The newly-arrived guests, who had come for excitement, enjoyed and increased the excitement, which they found. They were eager to see everything, and especially their young host, whose sudden comet-like elevation and exaggerated wealth made him the most interesting person of the hour. Archie was very amiable. He was happy in the thought that half his troubles had ended with the delivery of Mr. Palfrey's speech; and that he had secured a respite at least from political difficulties. The politicians had gone and had said no further word on their topic; Sir Villiers had preserved a like reticence; and Archie, when he had read his own letter in that morning's paper, felt that he could delay for a little while all efforts to decide on his future political course. He was amiable then; and he tried hard, even in the wild confusion, to be courteous and cool. He led the way to this and that; he answered all sorts of questions, of which many were personal; he was patient and pleasant.

At last, however, the limits of Archie's patience were reached. He felt that he had earned a respite; he determined that he would stand no more from guests and workmen, until he had gained a short hour of solitude and silence. With alert attention he sought a chance of escape and with prompt decision seized it. He slipped away through a back passage, and fairly ran till he had gained the covert of the nearest trees. Thence he walked straight away, only eager to be beyond the rapping of hammers and clatter of talk. Straight away he walked till he should recover his lost serenity.

Now it happened that a like desire of solitude had taken possession of Dora Rutherford. Dora too was conscious of a fever in her blood, and in time the divers noises of the day made her so restless that she could not sit still and smile at people. So she too had stolen away and set forth alone in quest of her lost serenity.

At the distance of two miles or more from the house, Archie and Dora met. They were on a straight piece of road, and they saw each other for some time before their actual meeting. They

could not have avoided each other without an appearance of strangeness ; and each had time, as they drew nearer, to become more and more critical. Archie on his side recognized a sudden return of his annoyance of yesterday ; he viewed the slender figure on the road with the same discontent. He was glad that on this afternoon at least she had no companion ; and yet he was annoyed with her, and sentences formed themselves, which he knew well that he would be wise to keep to himself. What could he say ? How could he speak plainly to her of Leonard Vale ? Direct speech of this kind would merely offend her, and do no good. And, besides, there was really nothing with which he could find fault, nothing but a mere impression which might have been produced in him by the mere feverishness in the air. Dora, on her side, was nervous and discontented. She had not been thinking of Archie ; and the sudden sight of him reminded her that he was the object of her visit, and that it was strange that he had not been in her thoughts. She was vexed with herself for her intrusive fancies ; and her vexation went out to meet the young man who was coming, walking alone. So soon as she thought of him, she disapproved of his solitude. This lonely rambling, when his house was full of guests, had too loverlike an air. In her vexation she was inclined to ask him sharply, if he had withdrawn himself to muse upon the sullen lady of his love ; but she too was wise enough to keep the question to herself.

When two friends are busy with unspoken mutual criticism, they are apt to talk on general questions, in which the personal criticism finds partial expression. It is often an exasperating form of conversation.

So it happened now that Archie, when he had turned and had walked beside Dora for a little while in silence, said suddenly, "I don't think much of this world of yours."

"World of mine ?" said Dora, who felt herself challenged.

"Your fashionable world," said Archie.

"It's no more mine than yours," said Dora.

"Well, I am out of it for an hour, anyway," said Archie. "It is over there," he added, nodding towards his distant abode ; "chattering and clattering and gossiping to its heart's content."

"I have no patience," said Dora, "with commonplace abuse of the world. Country bumpkins, like you and me, grow up outside it, and only read about it in cynical novels ; and then, when we do see it, we take every light word seriously, and think that every woman, who paints her eyes, is desperately wicked."

"Well, I prefer clean faces," said Archie.

"So do I; but it doesn't follow that everybody is wicked."

"I never said that everybody was wicked. What strikes me about your world is——"

"It isn't my world," objected Dora.

"Well, what strikes me," continued Archie, "is that the atmosphere is tainted. Now I take it that all the people over there," and he nodded again towards Langley, "are eminently respectable; but they don't seem to me to care about anything in the world but other people's vices. They talk about other things as if they were bored to death, and then somebody chucks 'em a reputation, and they become as lively as—as anything."

Dora only laughed; but Archie went on rather quickly. "Now the mischief is," he said, "that you plunge a nice young woman into that sort of air, and she soon learns to breathe it as if there were no better. She finds that it is a matter of course that she should be talked about with somebody, and she knows that she means no harm, and yet——"

He seemed uncertain how to finish his sentence, and Dora, who felt, as is common in such conversations, that these general comments had a personal flavour, hastened with more warmth to a defence of Society, which seemed to include a defence of herself. With greater emphasis she repeated her favourite theory that her world, as Archie chose to call it, was not half so bad as it was said to be. She enforced her view with impetuosity; she was enforcing it on herself as well as on her hearer; she could not afford to doubt it, for on its truth rested her whole private defence of her own conduct. If her world were as bad as cynical people said, she felt that the liberty which she allowed herself was dangerous indeed.

Archie replied with a like heat, for to dispute of men and women, while the disputants are thinking of each other, most quickly increases the temperature.

"You may be right about women," he said, "but I know something about men."

"No," she said; "you are a country boy, and how can you know anything about men of the world?"

"Yes, thank heaven!" said he, "that I am a country boy." He drew a deep breath as if he would inhale the country into his lungs. "But at least," he said after a minute, "I must know more about men than you do. I am quite certain that

there is not one Englishman in a million who can stand leading an utterly idle life, and not one in the whole country who can be idle in that sort of atmosphere," and he nodded again towards his castle—"without going to the—to the dogs."

"And so I suppose," said Dora, with a sudden flush, which she resented, "that one is to do nothing to help a man, who is idle by no fault of his own, and in danger of going to the—to the dogs." She gave a little scornful laugh, but she was very uneasy; the discussion was losing its generality.

"Well," said Archie, "if it's a question of helping a chap, I think it had better be left to his mates."

"I don't agree with you at all," said Dora hotly; "a woman has so much more tact."

"She can't know what she is about," retorted Archie; "she is playing with fire."

"Oh, that's the usual talk," said Dora angrily; "it's a mere appeal to women's cowardice. There is nothing which exasperates me more than this mean feminine fear, this perpetual assertion that friendship between a man and a woman is impossible. Do you believe that a man and a woman can't be friends?"

"You and I are a standing proof to the contrary," said Archie; "we always have been friends, and we always will be friends—won't we, Dora?"

He asked this final question with some anxiety, and Dora promptly felt that the conversation was on the very edge of direct personality. His very next words might call in question another and more newly founded friendship of hers.

"We will always be friends," she said lightly, "as we were in our bumpkin days."

"I tell you what it is," he said; "I wish with all my heart, or with more than half my heart at least, that we were back in our village again, and out of all this fuss and rubbish, and eternal gabble about this trumpery person and that trumpery person. Don't you find it refreshing to think of the Rectory dairy, and our orchard, and your mother and mine trotting about with port wine and things, or your mother gardening in her sun-bonnet, and mine in her back drawing-room composing her dear old novels. To me it's like a plunge in running water on a dusty day."

"There is no way back to Arcadia," said Dora, rather pompously; she was apt to be pompous when she quoted her scholarly father.

"Yes there is," said Archie bluntly; "that's only feminine cowardice, if you like——"

"I don't like," interrupted Dora tartly.

"What's to prevent you and Tom from taking the old Manor House; you can have a long lease, or buy it outright."

"And you think Tom would play Darby to my Joan?"

"Why not? He could work there better than in fusty London; and, when his time came, he could stand for that division of the county."

"Darby, M.P.," she said with mockery; "and you? What would you do? feed sheep?"

"Oh I," began Archie,

"Oh you!" she cried out; "you would be a pedlar; that's what you would like."

He laughed, but did not deny it. "It wouldn't be bad," he said.

"Oh, you are sentimental," she said scornfully; "you talk like a man in love." She knew in a moment that she had said more than she meant to say; there was no unsaying the words, and so she made haste to be more jocular, and to pursue the theme, as if there were no danger in it. "I can fancy you on the tramp," she said, "with your wife five yards behind you and laden with the household goods, or the pair of you at luncheon by the roadside with your feet in a dry ditch."

"Well," said Archie calmly; "even a pedlar is the better for a good wife."

"Yes, for a good wife," she said quickly; "that's the rub. How is a man to know which girl will make a good wife? No man should marry until he is at least thirty, and has seen a great deal of the world and of women. Then there is some slight chance of his making a sensible choice."

Archie only laughed in his usual provoking way. Perhaps he felt that these general declarations concerning matrimony had a sharply personal direction. "So no man is to marry," he said, "until he has been well soused in this world of yours."

If this were meant as a counter-attack, it was successful, for Dora dropped the marriage question and leapt to the defence of Society, repeating again with unnecessary vehemence her belief in the essential innocence of that body. "It's all the fault of the papers," she said; "they publish every scandal; nobody publishes the record of all the decent people who do nothing outrageous. If there's a row at No 77, Boodle Street, all the



world re-echoes with it; but who hears anything of all the respectable routine of all the numbers from 1 to 76?"

"I give you up Boodle Street," said Archie; "it's not in the Directory; perhaps its a street in Arcadia."

"Don't be frivolous," she said; "you ought to get your friend Mr. Beck to publish a newspaper of Good News, instead of lists of murders and accidents and all the scandals."

"Upon my word," said Archie, "I think he would like the idea—the villain! His telegrams would tell us that the old Bank at Whatdyecallit was as far from bankruptcy as ever; that Mr. Wright had given his usual subscriptions to the usual charities, and that all the husbands on the left side of Macassar Place had come home to tea at the usual hour. It is perfectly certain that the posters in the streets of London are the real fountains of Pessimism. I, for one, shall think better of your world to-morrow, if I avoid the papers and survive Aunt Susan's little dance."

"It's not my world," said Dora with calm persistence; "and I am sure that I hope you will survive your Aunt Susan's little dance."

If there was a deeper meaning in this last wish, Archie ignored it. He looked at his watch; "I ought to be back with my flock," he said, "with your innocent if fashionable sheep. That is the sort of Arcadian shepherd that I am." He began to whistle a fantastic air with his walking-stick held like a flute, and so began to dance down the road before her.

"Good old Archie!" cried out Dora—"good old Archie! as Mr. Tony would say."

## CHAPTER XXII.

By this time Archie and Dora had come in their walk to the upper edge of the old wood, through which Dora had climbed on that eventful day when Archie had helped Elizabeth Lock out of the water. Their homeward way lay through this same wood, but they entered it by a different track; and, as they went quickly down, they came in the very heart of the wood to a small clearing, in which stood the cottage of one of the under-keepers. It was a low comfortable cottage, which looked almost as much as if it were a growth of the soil as did the old trees, which grew at a respectful distance around it; for moss and ivy had covered much of its nakedness, and the thatched roof came

so low that it left but a narrow strip of stained wall between the eaves and the dead leaves which lay deep at its foot. However in this narrow strip of wall there was a wide old-fashioned window ; and Dora Rutherford, when she had emerged from the trees and saw the little house so picturesque and peculiar, was moved by a moment's curiosity to advance to the window and look in.

Dora peeped in at the window, but immediately turned away again. Archie was passing the cottage without a look, and she moved as if she would go with him. But then she stopped, and looked back, and then, obedient to a sudden impulse, she ran to the young man, caught him by the arm and drew him to the window.

It was a rich glowing picture which the underkeeper's cottage exhibited to the young Lord, a deep effect of twilight and ruddy firelight ; and in the firelight and illuminated by the warm glow was Elizabeth Lock. She sat on a low three-legged stool with a picture-book spread open on her lap ; and by her side and full of wonder stood a small, pale, freckled boy, to whom she was showing the pictures. Her own splendid tints showed with an imperial sumptuousness in that humble place, and there was a warm smile on her face, as she told a story for each page. Her long fur boa lay on the floor and curled about her feet like a familiar snake. The child was not pretty, was not even interesting in appearance, though his mother turned from the dresser again and again to look at him, and each time said to herself that it was no wonder that a lady, however glorious, should be kind to her Tommy. Tommy was an interesting invalid, hardly yet recovered from some childish malady ; and the glorious lady had come several times to see him, and had sent to London for the picture-book, which entranced him.

Archie, looking in upon the dusk and the warmth and the kindness, felt a sort of warm glow about his heart also ; but Dora plucked his sleeve impatiently and he yielded. "For a wonder she didn't look sulky," said Dora, still drawing him away by the arm. She meant to provoke him to speech, but he said nothing.

"Quite like a Venetian Madonna !" she said ; and then, since he still was obstinately silent, and she felt that she must make him speak, she gave a little laugh and cried out, "That's the sort of girl who ought to marry." No sooner had the words leaped forth irrevocable, than she gasped and perceived all which she

had dared. Now she hoped that he would not speak, for his words might tell her that all was over and that he was in love with Elizabeth Lock. She felt rather than saw that he was opening his mouth, and with a convulsive cry she pinched his arm fiercely. "Hullo?" said he; "not your ankle again?"

"Oh no," said she gasping; "it was only a sudden something. We were talking of marriage, weren't we? We were saying that no man should dream of it before he is thirty. It is a tremendous risk." She stopped and looked up at him now, as if she would make the word "tremendous" even more tremendous than itself.

"You ought to think well of marriage, anyway," retorted Archie promptly.

"Oh, I! I!" she cried impatiently; "what have I got to do with it? I am caught and caged. But you? you are a free bird still, and not nearly thirty years old."

"Few birds are," said Archie; "and as to marriage, I'll tell you when I am going to be married."

"Promise me that," cried Dora, and she ran lightly down the path before him, laughing as she ran.

In the small room, to which she had descended, and in that short time before dressing, which she was apt to give to a brief review of the situation, Dora wondered at her folly, and rebuked herself sharply for her rashness. Why had she displayed this dangerous girl in a moment of charm so unusual? She asked herself the question, and could find no answer. Some impulse had moved her; a touch of remorse; a sudden desire of fair play; her love of daring, the sudden temptation of risking all her fine work of days in one thrilling moment. She became very grave as she thought that such are the acts to which men point, maintaining the unreasonableness of the other sex. Was she, too, a creature of feminine impulse? How great the mischief which she might have done! As she sat there looking into the fire, grave and critical of herself, she could imagine Archie, the poor innocent, bursting into that cottage in the wood, kneeling at the knees of that sumptuous being, and begging her to take him and his, bag and baggage, lands and houses, messuages, tenements, and hereditaments. This might have been the result of her moment's madness; she trembled as she looked back upon that moment, and imagined herself looking in through that low window, and beholding the simple youth upon his knees. Any fleet, wild acquiescence in this marriage, any flying

fancy that it did not matter to her whether it were or were not, had been followed by as quick reaction ; she had recoiled as far ; she had been aroused again to uncompromising defiance. If her heart had softened to the girl, the girl's mother had made it harder than ever. Indeed, over the feminine tea-table there had been a brisk passage of arms. Some of the new comers had embarked with vivacity on the common topic of their maids ; and Lady Jane had remarked with decision that she knew of a treasure, who wanted a place. Dora had asked a question about the treasure ; and "Oh," said Lady Jane Lock in the presence of these women, who were all more or less strangers, "she wouldn't do for *you* ; she is one of the old-fashioned kind, with old-fashioned ideas."

Then Dora had said very sweetly, that she should never think of taking a maid on Lady Jane's recommendation.

"And why not ?" cried Lady Jane, very red and straight.

"Because you could not help speaking too kindly of any woman," Dora had answered, almost tenderly.

There had been quick sword-play among the tea-cups, and Dora felt that she had borne herself well ; but yet, when she left the other women after tea, she was more eager than ever that Lord Lorrilaire should remain a bachelor. To see Lady Jane Lock flushed with triumph would be more than she could bear. And the recognition of this recovered zeal brought with it a strange relief. She was delighted to find that she was more interested than ever in this duty which she had set herself. This was the object of her coming. She had come to save Archie from a determined mother-in-law ; this demanded all her care, all her energy ; she must not waste a thought just now on any other man. An eventful evening was before her, an opportunity of brilliant tactics, perhaps a serious conflict. At all hazards she would carry Archie out of the press. And she would dance too, dance often, dance with Archie whenever danger threatened ; and so combine the duties of a guardian with the pleasures of a happy dancer.

Dora, under the hands of her maid, saw with pleasure in her glass that the new zeal had given new colour to her cheek, new brightness to her eyes. A very radiant young creature shone back upon her from the reflecting plane. The last light touches were being given to this brave show, when suddenly, without a word of warning, without a presentiment which might have come so easily, she heard that her husband was in the house.

"Of course you know, ma'am," said her maid, provoking and discreet, "that Mr. Rutherford has arrived."

"What?" cried out Dora, who could not help a sudden leap under those officious hands, nor suppress a cry as her hair was twitched by the movement.

"Mr. Rutherford has arrived, ma'am; and Lord Lorrilaire is trying to find a room for him, as the house is so very full."

There was a tone of respectful fault-finding in the maid's voice which annoyed Dora. Indeed annoyance was her first and strongest feeling, as she heard of her husband's arrival. The sudden news added to her excitement and produced a new irritation. She perceived that he could not have chosen a worse time for his coming. She disliked the idea, which she knew that he disliked also, of his appearing an unexpected guest when there were guests enough already, a trouble the more on a troublesome evening. It was ridiculous for a husband to arrive uninvited, where a wife had already intruded without an invitation. This, however, was a small matter. That, which vexed her keenly, was the knowledge that his presence on this evening would be an embarrassment to herself. She had decided that this evening was critical for Archie; and that therefore all her skill and all her energy must be devoted to watching, guarding, and, if need were, rescuing by sudden action the friend of her childhood. Now, if Tom had come but a few hours earlier, she could have explained the situation to him; he would have been kind if a little contemptuous of her diplomacy; he would have understood why her attention was engrossed by somebody else; he would have kept himself in the background, and left her to concentrate her attention upon her important duties. If he had only come a few hours earlier, no mischief would have been done; indeed, if he had come and had found the house upside down and scarcely a corner vacant, he would have gone back to London before the ball. Of this Dora was certain; and she was certain too that the best thing of all would be that he had not come at all. She was annoyed with the awkwardness of events. She had wished for his coming, and he had not come. Now, when a few hours were at hand, during which his presence was an embarrassment, he had come too late and too soon. She was vexed with the concurrence of events, vexed with her husband, and vexed with herself for her vexation, for it agreed with no one of her theories that she should be ever vexed by the presence of her husband. If he had only stayed



in London for a few more days, she would have gone to him gladly so soon as the Locks had gone, and asked for his sympathy with her victory. Now she was sure that she would be conscious all the evening of her husband's eyes; that her attention would be constantly distracted, and the power of helping Archie reduced by at least half. She foresaw herself nervous and embarrassed, perhaps at the critical moment unconscious of the crisis or rushing to the wrong action.

And all the time another question disturbed Dora. Why had her husband come suddenly and without notice? It was not like him. As she asked herself this question, she felt an anxiety which was almost fear. She told herself that there must be some answer perfectly simple; but deep within her an unacknowledged uneasy doubt of her own conduct made her fear. She saw with disgust in the glass that a deep blush was spreading over face and neck. "Make haste!" she said impatiently to her maid; but the effect of this impatience was only to delay, for the maid, flurried by her mistress's eagerness and with fingers made tremulous by her mistress's nervousness, was a more clumsy helper than usual.

Dora was now eager to say a few words to her husband, before they were swallowed by the world below; even a hint of the part which she had to play, would be of some use. He would certainly come to her room before he went downstairs; and, if she were dressed and her maid dismissed, she would be able to tell him in a few words and without offence that she could not spare him much attention on that evening. She was impatient of his coming.

When at last Tom did come, the door, as he opened it, let in the loud roaring of the gong. It was already late, and Dora's toilette was not quite finished. As she jumped up to greet him, a diamond ornament, ill secured, slipped from her bosom, and catching in her lace tore a small rent therein; her maid went down on her knees with muttered expressions of dismay; and Tom came to kiss her. She took no notice of the rent in her lace, as she looked at her husband's face. She was relieved. She saw no sign of catastrophe, or even ill-humour. And yet, though they met as usual, with the usual few words of welcome and affection, she felt an embarrassment between them. She did not ask why he had come; and he said briefly that he had had no idea that there was a full house and a ball in prospect, and that Archie had found him a corner to sleep in. He said too

that they were late, and that he would go down and ask Mrs. Dormer not to wait for her. She agreed quickly; she was hurriedly gathering gloves and fan and handkerchief; the open-eared maid was fluttering and fussing about her; there was no chance of even a word of explanation. When Tom had gone, and in the minute which flew by before she followed him, she was sure that there was something strange in him. She could not have described any difference in look or manner; but her delicate perception assured her of something new, and she wondered again and again, with an unpleasant anxiety, what was the real reason of his coming. She ran downstairs, late and disquieted, and foreseeing with annoyance that she would be thinking and wondering through half the evening about her husband and about his thoughts of her, while all her attention should be given to the watching and guarding of Archie.

During dinner she to some extent recovered her equanimity, and she consoled herself with the thought that before the arrival of the ball people she would find a few minutes for private talk with her husband; but it seemed to her that the men sat longer than usual over their wine, and, when some of them came to the drawing-room, they reported that others, among whom was her husband, had gone to the smoking-room, since cigarettes had been forbidden on that evening in the dining-room, where the ball supper was to be laid. Dora began to think with renewed anxiety that her husband was avoiding those few moments of private talk. Was there anything between them, which he did not wish to be put into words? The recurrence of such questions proved her nervous state, and showed her the absolute necessity of a supreme effort. She tried hard to postpone all thoughts of her husband to the morrow, and to concentrate herself on her duty as guardian of a rich young man. She tried hard but with only partial success.

*(To be continued.)*



## John Bright.

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LAST of the gladiators gone to rest,  
No more thy voice's trumpet-tone shall thrill  
The Nations halting between good and ill ;  
Thy lion head has sunk upon thy breast,  
But Death has not annulled thy life's bequest—  
Unswerving right, inviolable will,  
To lead the sons of labour up the hill  
Of Freedom, faithful, peaceful, soul-possessed.  
Great Tribune of the people, storms may rise,  
They will not shake the pillars of thy throne,  
Seeing thy rule was selflessness sincere.  
And praise did never blind those patient eyes  
That looked beyond State discord to the year  
When golden Love shall bind all hearts in one.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## Wild-Bird Life in London, Past and Present.

OF the thousands who frequent our parks and gardens, passing to and fro in endless succession, intent on business or pleasure—of the hundreds of loungers on the chairs under the planes, how many ever give a passing thought to the winged inhabitants of the trees and shrubs above and around them, who dwell there, some as permanent residents, others, like many of the throng below them, only appearing for the season, or resting for a day or so on their way to “fresh woods and pastures new”? There is more bird-life in the London parks and gardens than most people are at all aware of. Loving couples are at work all the spring and summer months, building their nests or rearing their young, little caring for the “madding crowd.”

The Spotted Flycatcher, on the elm-branch, within reach of numberless hands, goes on catching every insect which comes within its range, heedless of the hum of voices beneath. The Ringdove, which, as Campbell says, makes “music that sweetened the calm,” never ceases to help its mate to build the fragile nest of sticks on the plane-tree hard by, regardless of the roll of carriages or the stamping of horses; and the Song Thrush does its utmost by singing its loudest, to cheer and solace its mate, hatching in the laurels, undisturbed by the movement of human life around.

Birds in their migration to this country follow certain lines of flight, most of them crossing the German Ocean by way of Heligoland, faithful to an hereditary instinct transmitted to them ages ago, when dry land probably united our island with the opposite coast, and many a one perishes in the stormy sea which now supervenes, in its attempt to carry out the habit of its ancestors; that hereditary impulse still brings some of these migrants to the haunts of their forefathers, who formerly

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frequented not only our parks and gardens, but every open space in the metropolis.

In the reign of George II. the fields round Hanover Square, in which a spring of crystal water bubbled up, were frequented by snipe and woodcocks, and were there shot by sportsmen—one of these was General Oglethorpe, who died in 1785. At times, even now, a poor benighted woodcock falls exhausted in our streets, or is seen amongst the shrubs in our parks.

The British Museum stands on the site of Montague House and its magnificent gardens, in which the nightingale sung and bred. The garden of Ely House, Holborn, so noted for its roses and strawberries, its intricate maze and extensive shrubberies, was full of all the songsters of the grove. Blackbirds, thrushes, and many other familiar birds frequented the Field of the Forty Footsteps (now Montague Place), so fatal to many in days when outraged honour could only be appeased by blood.

In 1734, St. Giles's Church was surrounded by high elm-trees, in which built rooks, magpies, and kites. The rooks were probably the ancestors of the colony still existing in Gray's Inn Gardens; but the magpies and kites have found no resting-place. The hereditary descendants of those blackbirds, thrushes, &c., which frequented the hedgerows of the Field of the Forty Footsteps are still to be found in the gardens of Russell Square and its neighbourhood. Professor Flower remembers seeing the spotted fly-catcher build its nest for many successive years in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

But a few years have passed away since the site of Belgrave and Eaton Square (built in 1825-6), and the surrounding streets, were marshy fields (known as the Five Fields)—the haunts of the wild geese and the mallard, of plover and snipe, and when every house in the neighbourhood had its Duck gun. I can well remember, during holidays passed in Chelsea in 1824-5, what a number of wild birds frequented Battersea Fields, and there are some still living who have heard the jug-gug of the nightingale and the joyous song of the black-cap in the gardens of Cadogan Place.

The number of birds in Hyde Park in 1799 was so great, that at a review, held there in that year, during the evolutions, several thousands of small birds flew alternately from the troops to the spectators, from whence they returned terrified, and this went on till many of them became exhausted and fell motionless to the ground.

During a period of more than fifty years I have noted no less than ninety-three species of birds frequenting our parks and gardens for a longer or shorter time, and of these there still remain a few regular residents, and but a very restricted number of migrants.

In 1834 the elm-trees in Hyde Park were in their prime. Two herds of fallow-deer frequented the quiet dales, and the "bird of the sun" poured forth its joyous song at break of day. There is still standing the remnant of an old elm in which a pair of ravens annually built their nest, from which a fledgling was taken by one of the workmen employed in building the bridge over the Serpentine. As late as 1850 ravens occasionally paid us a visit. In May of that year two ravens were observed fighting in the Regent's Park, one being killed in the combat. In a tree on the north bank of the Serpentine, a pair of carrion crows built their nest for some years, and two or three pairs of these birds lived in the Regent's Park up to a very recent period.

Although considerably reduced in numbers, the rooks, the constant associates of man, both in town and country, still remain with us. A few may be seen, on most mornings, in Hyde Park, searching after food, or waiting for the breakfast provided for them by two dear old ladies, who never forget them, even in the coldest weather.

Some few years ago there was a large rookery in Kensington Gardens. An effort was made to prevent its destruction, but it was of no avail; one of the greatest charms of the Gardens was doomed by some officious official, and the trees were all levelled. In relation to this rookery, Sir Prescott Hewett, when house-surgeon to St. George's Hospital, told me the following interesting anecdote. He was in the daily habit of taking a morning walk through Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. One morning he noticed a number of rooks congregated on the ground and making a great noise. He found that two young ones, unable to fly, had fallen from one of the nests. He took them up, put them into his pocket, and continued his walk home, where he deposited them in the garden of the Hospital, under the plane-tree, still standing. He was engaged in making for them a nest on the ground, when he heard a great bustle above him. On looking up, to his astonishment he found the tree covered with rooks, and on his retiring to a short distance they all came down and had a good stare at the young birds. There was a considerable amount of cawing for a time, and then

they all took their departure except two, the parent birds, and these continued to come at stated intervals and fed the nestlings, so that he had no further trouble. Every night he removed them for fear of cats, and every morning, when replacing them in the nest, he saw the old birds on the tree, waiting to give them their breakfast. After two years' residence they were allowed full liberty to join their tribe, and for some months they visited at intervals the old tree. These intervals gradually increased, until the birds ceased altogether to appear.

For many years a considerable colony of rooks built their nests on the trees in Doctors' Commons, and now and again a pair of their descendants endeavour to re-establish themselves on the trees still standing, but without any permanent effect. In Hone's 'Everyday Book' for April 1826, there is a story told of a young gentleman who amused himself by shooting these rooks with a cross-bow from his garret window. A neighbour on the first-floor noticing the birds fall off their perch without any apparent cause, at once wrote a paper said to have been read before the Royal Society, to prove that rooks were subject to the "falling sickness," by which term epilepsy was commonly known in those days.

Another rookery existed in the Temple Gardens, erroneously supposed to have been formed by Sir Edward Northey, in Queen Anne's time, by his bringing in an open carriage from his rookery at Epsom a bough containing a nest in which were two young birds, these being followed the whole way by their parents. Aubrey, however, in his 'Natural History of Wiltshire,' says : " 'Tis certain that the rooks in the Inner Temple did not build their nests or breed in these gardens in the spring before the Plague of 1665, but in the following spring they did so. The rooks in the Temple Gardens were a source of much interest to Goldsmith, who gives an animated description of their bustle and hurry in the nesting-time, and these birds which gave him so much pleasure must have been in all the "bustle and hurry of business" when he was laid in his grave on the evening of Saturday, April 9th, 1744, almost overshadowed by those elm-trees—

"Where the bat circled and the rooks reposed,  
Their wars suspended, and their councils closed."

There were rookeries in Spring Gardens, Carlton House Gardens, in the Green Park, in Chesterfield Gardens, Kensington Gardens, Whitehall, Curzon Street, Holland Park, Gray's Inn,

and St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, besides a few small colonies scattered in various parts, and many still remember the one nest on the plane-tree in Wood Street, Cheapside. All these have disappeared except two, those of Holland Park and Gray's Inn. I remember counting fifty nests in the trees of Chesterfield Gardens, above the old bulging wall in Curzon Street, and only the other day there were thirty nests in the trees in Gray's Inn Gardens. When one considers how far a-field these birds must go to provide food for their young and themselves, their attachment to the old dwelling-places is very remarkable.

Another of the crow family, the Daw, or as it is more commonly called the Jack Daw, not only frequents the hollow trees of our parks, but takes possession of many of our church towers and steeples, and at times disused chimneys. Although pert and impudent, it shows a great amount of stupidity when endeavouring to build its nest in the holes of the trees. It is curious to watch with what ridiculous perseverance it endeavours to introduce a long stick crossways into a round hole; how it ever manages to complete its nest is a problem. Jackdaws must surely generations ago have built, like other of the crow tribe, on boughs of trees, and by some freak or other have altered their breeding-places, never losing, however, their hereditary propensity of employing sticks for the foundation of their nests.

The jackdaw is a sad pilferer, and when it gets a chance has no mercy on the eggs or young of other birds. We have often seen a pair of jackdaws searching the sparrows' nests on the columns of the houses in Grosvenor Square and elsewhere, bring out the unfledged young in their beaks, and deliberately murdering them before their terrified parents; they are partial to brains, and will leave the rest of the body as a memento of their crime. There are a good many pairs of these birds in the London parks and streets, and any one who will take the trouble when passing St. Paul's, will often see a bevy of them about the cross, particularly in the early part of the year; but not in the autumn, for then the cross is tenanted by other tyrants, a pair of peregrine falcons, who come to feast on the pigeons inhabiting the porticoes of the various churches.

Another of our residents is the Starling. Its lustrous plumage, its graceful mien, and its sprightly bustling ways, makes it a universal favourite. The pleasant low melodious song of the male bird on an early spring morning is very sweet, but he can



be hoarse and harsh enough if one attempts to disturb the nest. This bird frequents all our parks and squares, wherever it can find an appropriate nesting-place ; a hole near a window in Gray's Inn Square has been tenanted by starlings for fifty years, and the same has been noted of a hole under the parapet of the large house in Stratford Place.

The Magpies have left us entirely, but at one time, and not so very long ago, they were plentiful enough. Yarrell states that he counted twenty-three altogether in Kensington Gardens.

The Robin Redbreast is with us always, even in the more secluded gardens of our squares ; but the London bird is much more shy than its country brother, and it is seldom seen at mid-day. The great confidence it displays in its relation to mankind in general endears it to all, and the idea of killing a robin in this country is considered almost as sacrilegious as robbing a church. Not so, however, in other parts. The dish of so-called *Becca fichi* served up at the tables d'hôte in Italy consists chiefly of robins. Browning says :—

“A man may have an appetite enough  
For a whole dish of robins ready cooked.”

Fancy eating the tender and loving sexton of the “Babes in the Wood !” But tender and loving as it often looks, it is most pugnacious and quarrelsome, and appears to dominate over many of the larger birds.

The robin sings almost all the year ; even in the winter, when all other birds are mute, many of us have no doubt heard its sweet melodious voice accompanying, as it were, the hymns of praise in our churches and cathedrals.

Of all our London songsters the chief place in the choir must be accorded to the Song Thrush. At spring-tide his notes, “so clear, so high,” may be heard all day long, as he sits on the elm-branch above the nest, pouring forth one continued stream of melody, from sunrise to sunset singing the “drowsy day to rest.” The song, so powerful in spring and summer, becomes less as winter approaches ; but in mild weather, even in winter, the bird still sings on, only in a much more modulated strain, and when, listening to its soft musical note at this season (a thrush has been singing in Hamilton Gardens every morning during December and January), one is not surprised at the Poet Cowper mistaking the notes for those of a nightingale which he thought he heard singing on New Year's Day, 1792, and upon which he

wrote his famous ode. The thrushes' song has been likened by the late Frank Buckland to the following words,

"Knee-deep, knee-deep, knee-deep,  
Cherry du, cherry du, cherry du, cherry—  
White hat, white hat,  
Pretty grey, pretty grey, pretty grey,"

and if you listen to the first thrush you hear when in full voice you will at once perceive how true is this rendering. The female sits very close on her eggs, and when near hatching allows herself almost to be touched, but watches narrowly with her "twa glancing sparkling een."

Two others of the family *Turdidæ* are resident with us, but one must be out early to see them. The Blackbird is truly "the early bird which gets the worm;" as soon, however, as the sound of many feet begins, it is off to its hiding amongst the laurels and rhododendron beds. Its song in early morning, and later in the evening when the bustle of traffic is over, is extremely soft and musical, with "few notes but sweet." For many years the Missell Thrush, more commonly known as the Mistletoe Thrush, frequented Kensington Gardens and the Regent's Park in fair numbers. Its harsh note vibrates on the ear in spring time on approaching its nesting-quarters. This bird is an early nester, and from its wild but monotonous song in the blustering weather of February and March it is often called the storm cock.

In hard frosty winters we are visited occasionally by the Fieldfares and Redwings, but only in passing from the north to more southern quarters, in search of food. The peculiar chatter of the first, and the somewhat subdued whistle of the latter, make their presence known.

The sombre unobtrusive Hedge Warbler, better known as the Hedge Sparrow, lays its beautiful blue eggs in its compact nest, placed in the quickset hedges of many of the private gardens around the Regent's Park, safe from the prying eyes of its *bête noire* the Cuckoo, whose progeny have more hedge sparrows than any other bird for their foster-parents. In olden days it was supposed that these young giants bit off the heads of their foster-parents. Chaucer reproaches the cuckoo in his "Assemblee of Fowles," and calls it the

"The murderer of the heysugge on the braunch  
That brought thee forth."

The Chaffinch and the Greenfinch pay us a visit occasionally,

and sometimes remain to breed. Old writers call the chaffinch the Spynke, and say he lives by "gummie sappe," whatever that may be. The Skylark, "with its long toe," is now a rare visitor. Time was, and not very distant, when it might have been heard and seen, in not inconsiderable numbers, in both Hyde Park and the Regent's Park. Now we can only hear it as a caged songster, as it sings with trembling wings, on its little bit of well-trodden turf. Gay makes the bird relate how the advantages of its song dooms it to captivity and misery ; but there is one consolation to the poor caged prisoner, could he but know it. It gives solace and joy to many a poor bedridden sufferer, reminding him possibly of the days of his youth, passed among the green fields of a country home.

The birds best known to all Londoners, both rich and poor, are our Sparrows, with their well-known chirp and busy presence, in our parks, on our housetops, and in our streets. The London sparrows are as wide awake and as wary as it is possible for birds to be. They allow of no close approach, feed them as much and as often as you please. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes" is their motto, and they abide by it.

They are the most ubiquitous of all our London birds. Go where you will, Philip Sparrow is to be found building his nest and rearing his young, amongst the slums of Clerkenwell and St. Giles, as well as amongst the palaces of Belgrave and Grosvenor Squares. Sparrow fights, those strange *mêlées* which one often sees in spring time, are as frequent in the narrow courts and streets of Whitechapel as they are in Park Lane.

This bird has always been a favourite. Gascoyne wrote a sonnet in praise of Philip Sparrow, a name derived from its note sounding like the word *Philp*.

Another resident which I am pleased to find is yearly increasing in numbers is the Ringdove, more commonly known as the Wood Pigeon. I have records of this bird breeding in our parks and in Kensington Gardens since 1834. A pair for many years regularly nested in an old scrubby tree in the Green Park, a remnant of the garden appertaining to the Lodge which was taken down somewhere about 1846. This tree was cut down about ten years since, and the birds first migrated to Hyde Park, but not finding suitable quarters, they went over to Buckingham Palace Gardens, and the ringdoves which now frequent the trees round the Ornamental water on St. James's Park are no doubt their descendants. Kensington Gardens

was another favourite nesting-place for these birds, as long as the pine-trees remained, and it is remarkable that one of the most shy and most wary of our wild birds should have become so familiar, and have so little fear, when nesting, in so crowded a neighbourhood. This bird now breeds regularly in all our parks, and I have seen no less than twenty-four on the lawn by Rotten Row, in company with a number of the Blue Rock Pigeons (escaped captives from the pigeon battues), feeding on the Indian corn placed there by the provident care of one of the park-keepers. The ringdove may be easily distinguished from the other pigeons, not only by its much larger size, but by the beautiful white and purple feathers on each side of the neck, forming almost a complete ring.

The Wren, "with little quill" but most powerful voice, is often heard in Regent's Park, about the Zoological and Botanical Gardens, as well as in Kensington Gardens, during the nesting season. Its pretty dome-shaped nest is generally so similar to the surrounding foliage that it is difficult to discover. A few years ago a pair built their nest and reared up their young in the gardens of Portman Square.

Of our summer migrants, the sombre-coloured Spotted Flycatcher is the most constant in its appearance. I knew of three nests in the neighbourhood of Rotten Row, one so close to the path and so low down on the tree that it could be touched by the hand; yet notwithstanding the numbers passing and repassing, and the sharp eyes of the London *gamins*, these birds safely brought off four young ones. Although the parents were constantly returning with food for their ravenous progeny, they never came at the same time, and always approached the nest from the opposite side of the path, and thus escaped observation. It has been observed that this bird was absent from many of its haunts last summer, but one pair frequented their accustomed place in the park near Rotten Row.

The Nightingale, the Black Cap, the bustling Petty Chaps, the Willow Wren, the Chiff-chaff, and others of the *Sylviidæ* were a few years since regular visitants. The "Queen of Song" is heard no more. The last time I heard the nightingale in London was on April 29th, 1879, close to the Zoological Gardens, where daily it poured forth those sweet notes, "so musical, so melancholy," solacing its mate, no doubt, nesting in the tangled brambles close by. The nightingale loves the thick undergrowth of shrubs. Our parks have now become much too tidy for it to

remain and breed. Poetical licence accords the power of voice to the female. It is the male only which sings.

The Chiff-chaff's merry but monotonous note may be heard in the trees of Belgrave Square as it passes onwards to more appropriate breeding-quarters; and the Reed Warbler, that long-headed bustling bird, has bred both in the Zoological and the Botanical Gardens. Mr. Henry Smith states that he discovered a cuckoo's egg in the nest of this bird, which was built on some flags at the edge of the ornamental water in the latter locality.

In the early part of April the Sand Martins skim the surface of the Serpentine, and are followed by the Swallows. The Martins and the Swifts also haunt these waters for a few days, before settling down to their family duties.

But a few years since the "Guest of Summer, the Temple-haunting Martlet," built its nest and reared its young in Westbourne Terrace and the houses close to Kensington Gardens, as well as on the magazine in Hyde Park; and I have a record of two nests, one on Lord Cork's house at the corner of Hay Hill, and one on a house close by in Dover Street, Piccadilly. Alas! "Heaven's breath" has changed for the worse in this great city since then, if we may judge from the entire absence of these birds from their former breeding-places.

The Cuckoo still pays us a visit, both in its spring and autumn migration, and occasionally lays its egg, if it finds a nest appropriate; but nowadays those nests are so rare, that it has to go much farther afield. Its well-known voice is therefore seldom heard. That voice is so constantly, and often so well imitated, as to induce astonished clergymen to write to the papers, stating that the cuckoo's note has been heard in December and at other unseasonable times. They forget that the poor bird would have starved long before, had it not wisely sought other climes; and even the telegram announcing the advent of a few spring-like days to our winter residents in Africa would scarcely influence the cuckoo's instinctive migrations.

The Redstart is now a rare visitant. In 1876 I have notes of two pairs breeding in Kensington Gardens, and of others in and about the Regent's Park. The various species of Tit-mice, or more correctly Tit-mouses, pay us occasional visits, as well as the Wagtails. These latter may be noticed on the banks of the Serpentine during their annual migration inland.

The Moorhen is a constant resident on our ornamental waters.



A pair frequent the water in the east end of the Serpentine, the remnant of the old River Bourne, and successfully bring off their young, which, when first born, look more like a bit of dubbing of black, red, and blue, than anything else.

The Dabchick, too, that diving bird which, as Drayton says—

“is hard to prove,  
Whether under water most it liveth or above,”

at times makes its appearance on the Serpentine in a most mysterious manner. A few years since as many as sixty were observed on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. They all disappeared, as suddenly as they came, except two, which remained and built their nest on a patch of weeds in the middle of the pond. How and whence could these short-winged birds have come, and in such numbers?

Other strange birds have at times been noticed. Even the “sea-blue bird of March,” the lovely Kingfisher, occasionally puts in an appearance. The feathers of this beautiful bird are much sought after as ornaments to trim ladies’ hats. A horrible practice prevails in some parts of capturing kingfishers by means of small steel traps, set on the hatches and other haunts. The poor birds are caught by the legs, and there left in agony for hours. Often the traps cut off both legs, and the poor bird flies away, to die of pain and starvation. We often hear of prosecutions for pinching off the end of a puppy-dog’s tail—an almost painless proceeding at the age when it is done—whilst real cruelties are unheeded and unpunished.

The wild Seamew, the graceful Sea Swallow, and other sea birds are not unfrequently seen on the Serpentine—a haven of rest when driven inland by the stormy winds of the Atlantic. Even the little Auk has at times been picked up, helpless and utterly exhausted, in our streets.

It is fortunate that there is a desire to increase and not diminish our open spaces, by forming new parks and gardens. It is therefore probable that our wild birds will not only remain with us, but that others may be induced to join them. At any rate, may we still have our rooks and starlings, our pigeons and sparrows, our resident warblers and our migrants for many a year to come!

EDWARD HAMILTON.

## The A=B=C-Darrians.



"Now, let us address ourselves to the serious business of the evening. Here we are:—

'Six precious (pairs), and all agog,  
To dash through thick and thin!'

*Imprimis*:—our desire is for reform! Not reform by Act of Parliament, if you please; but, will the world believe?—We veritably desire to *be reformed*! And that, as a vicarious effort for the coming race. Why, to have conceived the notion entitles us to sit by for our term of years and see how the others do it!"

"Don't be absurd, Ned, as if it were all a joke! We're dreadfully in earnest, and can't bear to have the time wasted. A pretty President you are!"

"Why, my dear, that's the joke; how can a man preside over a few friends who have done him the honour to dine at his table?"

"Mrs. Clough is quite right! It's 'Up boys, and at it!' we want to be; so, my dear fellow, don't let any graceful scruples on your part hinder work."

"Then, Henderson, as the most rabid of us all, you must begin!"

"I do not know that what I have to say should come first in order; but, to save time, I'll begin. What I complain of is the crass ignorance of us—of myself, I mean. You know what a magnificent spectacle the heavens have offered these last few frosty nights! Well, one of our youngsters has, I think, some turn for astronomy. 'Look, father! what a great star! It's big enough to make the night light without the moon! It isn't always there; what's its name, and where does it go?' The boy was in the receptive, 'How I wonder what you are,' mood;

anything and everything I could have told him would have been his,—a possession for life.

“‘That’s not a star, it’s a planet, Tom,’ with a little twaddle about how planets are like our earth, more or less, was all I had for his hungry wonder. As for how one planet differs from another in glory, his sifting questions got nothing out of me; what nothing has, can nothing give. Again, he has, all of his own wit, singled out groups of stars, and, like Hugh Miller, wasn’t it?—pricked them into paper with a pin. ‘Have they names. What is this, and this?’—‘Those three stars are the belt of Orion’—the sum of my acquaintance with the constellations, if you will believe it! He bombarded me with questions, all to the point. I tried bits of book knowledge, which he did not want. It was a ‘bowing’ acquaintance, if no more, with the glorious objects before him that the child coveted, and he cornered me till his mother interfered with, ‘That will do, Tom: don’t tease father with your questions!’ A trifling incident, perhaps, but, do you know, I didn’t sleep a wink that night, or rather, I did sleep, and dreamt, and woke for good. I dreamt the child was crying for hunger and I had not a crust to give him. You know how vivid some dreams are! The moral flashed on me. The child had been crying to me with the hunger of the mind. He had asked for bread and got a stone. A thing like that stirs you. From that moment I had a new conception of a parent’s vocation and of my unfitness for it. I determined that night to find some way to help ourselves and the thousands of parents in the same ignorant case.”

“Well, but Henderson, you don’t mean to say that every parent should be an astronomer? Why, how can a man with other work tackle the study of a lifetime?”

“No, but I do think our veneration for science frightens us off open ground. Huxley somewhere draws a line between science and what he calls ‘common information,’ and this I take to mean an acquaintance with the facts about us, whether of nature or of society. It’s a shameful thing to be unable to answer such questions as Tom’s. Every one should know something about such facts of nature, as a child is likely to come across. But, how to get at this knowledge! Books? Well, I don’t say but you may get to know *about* most things from books; but as for knowing the thing itself, let me be introduced by him that knew it before me!”

“I see what you mean, we want the help of the naturalist, an

enthusiast, who will not only teach, but fire us with the desire to know ! ”

“ But don’t you find, Morris, that even your enthusiast, if he’s a man of science, is slow to recognize the neutral ground of common information.”

“ That may be ; but, as for getting what we want, pooh ! it’s a question of demand and supply. If you don’t mind my talking about ourselves, I should like just to tell you what we did last summer. Perhaps you may know that I dabble a little in geology—only dabble—but every tyro must have noticed how the features of a landscape depend on its geological formation, and not only the look of the landscape, but the occupations of the people. Well, it occurred to me that if, instead of the hideous ‘resources,’ save the word ! of a watering-place—what if we were to study the ‘scape’ of a single formation ? The children would have that, at any rate, in visible presentation, and would hold a key to much besides.

“ My wife and I love the South Downs, perhaps for auld sake’s sake, so we put up at a farm-house in one of the lovely ‘Lavants’ near Goodwood. Chalk and a blackboard were inseparably associated ; and a *hill* of chalk was as surprising to the children as if all the trees were bread and cheese. Here was *wonder* to start with, wonder and desire to know. Truly, ‘a man hath joy in the answer of his mouth’ ! The delight, the deliciousness of pouring out answers to their eager questions ! and the illimitable receptivity of the children ! This was the sort of thing—after scrawling on a flint with a fragment of chalk :

“ ‘What is that white line on the flint, Bob?’—‘Chalk, father,’ with surprise at my dulness ; and then, the unfolding of the tale of wonder—thousands of lovely infinitely small shells in that scrawl of chalk ; each had, ages and ages ago, its little inmate, and so on. Wide eyes and open mouths, until sceptical Dick,—“Well, but father, how did they get here ? How could they crawl or swim to the dry land when they were dead ?’ More wonders, and a snub for that small boy. ‘Why, this hill-side we are sitting on is a bit of that old sea-bottom !’ And still the marvel grew, until, trust me, there is not a feature of the chalk that is not written down in *le journal intime* of each child’s soul. They know the soft roll of the hills, the smooth dip of the valleys, the delights of travellers’ joy, queer old yews, and black-berrying in the sudden ‘bottoms’ of the chalk. The endless singing of a solitary lark—nothing but larks—the

trailing of cloud-shadows over the hills, the blue skies of Sussex, blue as those of Naples—these things are theirs to have and to hold, and are all associated with the chalk ; they have the sense of the earth-mother, of the connection of things, which makes for poetry.

"Then, their mother has rather a happy way of getting pictures printed on the 'sensitive plate' of each. She hits on a view, of narrow range, generally, and makes the children look at it well, and then describe it with closed eyes. One never-to-be-forgotten view was seized in this way. 'First grass, the hill-slopes below us, with sheep feeding about : and then, a great field of red corn-poppies—there's corn, but we can't see it ; then, fields and fields of corn, quite yellow and ripe, reaching out a long way ; next, the sea, very blue, and three rather little boats with white sails ; a lark, a long way up in the sky, singing as loud as a band of music ; and *such* a shining sun !' No doubt our little maid will have all that to her dying day ; and isn't it a picture worth having ?"

"Mr. Morris's hint admits of endless expansion ; why, you could cover the surface formations of England in the course of the summer holidays of a boy's school-days, and thus give him a key to the landscape, fauna, and flora of much of the earth's surface ! It's admirable !"

"What a salvage ! The long holidays, which are apt to hang on hand, would be more fully and usefully employed than school-days, and in ways full of out-of-door delights. I see how it would work ! Think of the delicious dales of Yorkshire, where the vivid green of the mountain limestone forms a distinct line of formation with the dim tints of the heather on the mill-stone grit of the moors, of the innumerable rocky nests where the ferns of the limestone—hartstongue, limestone polypody, bush fern, and the rest, grow delicately green and perfect as if conserved under glass ! Think of the endless ferns and mosses, and the picturesque outlines of the slate, both in the Lake country and in Wales ! What collections the children might form, always having the geological formation of the district as the leading idea !"

"You are getting excited, Mrs. Tremlow ! For my part, I cannot rise to the occasion. It is dull to have 'delicious !' 'delightful !' 'lovely !' hailing about one's ears, and to be out of it. Pray do not turn me out for the admission, but my own feeling is strongly against this sort of dabbling in science. In



this bird's-eye view of geology, for instance, why in the world did you begin with the chalk? At least you might have started with, say, Cornwall."

"That is just one of the points where the line is to be drawn; you specialists do one thing thoroughly, begin at the beginning, if a beginning there is, and go on to the end, if life is long enough. Now, we contend that the specialist's work should be laid on a wide basis of common information, which differs from science in this amongst other things—you take it as it occurs. A fact comes under your notice; you want to know why it is, and what it is; but its relations to other facts must settle themselves as time goes on, and the other facts turn up. For instance, a child of mine should know the 'black-cap' by its rich note and black upstanding headgear, and take his chance of ever knowing even the name of the family to which his friend belongs."

"And, surely, Mr. Morris, you would teach history in the same way; while you are doing a county or a 'formation'—isn't it?—you get fine opportunities for making history a real thing. For instance, supposing you are doing the—what is it?—of Dorsetshire? You come across Corfe Castle standing in a dip of the hills, like the trough between two waves, and how real you can make the story of the bleeding prince dragged over the downs at the heels of his horse!"

"Yes, and speaking of the downs, do you happen to know, Mrs. Tremlow, the glorious downs behind Lewes, and the Abbey and the Castle below, all concerned in the story of the great battle; and the ridge of Mount Harry across which De Montfort and his men marched while the royal party were holding orgies in the Abbey, and where, in the grey of the early morning, each man vowed his life to the cause of liberty, face downwards to the cool grass, and arms outstretched in the form of a cross? Once you have made a study on the spot of one of those historic sites, why, the place and the scene is a part of you! You couldn't forget it, if you would."

"That is interesting, and it touches on a point to which I want to call your attention; have you noticed that in certain districts you come across, not only the spots associated with critical events, but monuments of the leading idea, of centuries? Such as these are the ruined abbeys which still dominate every lovely dale in Yorkshire; the twelfth-century churches, four or five of which—in certain English counties—you come across in the course of a single day's tramp, and of which there is hardly a

secluded out-of-the-way nook in the country that has not its example to show; such, again, are the endless castles on the Welsh border; the Roman camps on the downs; each bearing witness to the dominant thought during a long period, when men had some leisure from fighting."

"And not only so. Think of how the better half of English literature has a local colouring; think of the thousand spots round which there lingers an aroma of poetry and of character, which seems to get into your brain somehow, and leave there an image of the man, a *feeling* of his work, which you cannot arrive at elsewhere! The Quantocks, Rydal valley, Haworth Moors; the Selborne 'Hanger,' the Lincolnshire levels—it is needless to multiply examples of spots where you may see the raw material of poetry, and compare it with the finished work!"

"All this is an inspiring glimpse of the possible; but surely, gentlemen, you do not suppose that a family party, the children, say, from fifteen downwards, can get in touch with such wide interests in the course of a six weeks' holiday? I doubt if, even amongst ourselves, any but you, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Clough have this sort of grasp of historical and personal associations."

"We must leave that an open question, Mrs. Henderson; but what I do contend for is, that children have illimitable capacity for all knowledge which reaches them in some sort through the vehicle of the senses: what they *see* and delight in, you may pin endless facts, innumerable associations upon, and children have capacity for them all: nor will they ever treat you to lacklustre eye and vacant countenance. Believe me, 'tis their nature to' hunger after knowledge as a labouring man hungers for his dinner; only, the *thing* must come in the first; the words which interpret it, in the second place."

"You mean that everything they see is to lead to a sort of object lesson?"

"Indeed I do not! Object lesson! talkee, talkee, about a miserable cut-and-dried scrap, hardly to be recognized by one who knows the thing! I should not wonder if it were better for a child to go without information than to get it in this unnatural way. No, let him see the thing big and living before him, behaving according to its wont. Specimens are of infinite use to the scientist whose business it is to generalize, but are misleading to the child who has yet to learn his individuals. I don't doubt for a minute that an intelligent family out for a holiday might well cover all the ground we have sketched out, and more; but

who in the world is to teach them? A child's third question about the fowls of the air or the flowers of the field would probably floor most of us!"

"That's coming to the point! I wondered if we ever meant to touch our subject again to-night. To skim over all creation in an easy airy way is exciting'; but, from an educational standpoint, 'tis comic to the father with a young swarm at home who care for none of these things!"

"Of course they don't, Withers, if they have never been put in the way of it; but, try 'em, that's all! Now, listen to my idea; I shall be too glad if any one strikes out a better, but we must come to a point, and pull up the next who wanders off on his own hobby. Each of us wishes to cover all, or more, or some of the ground suggested in our desultory talk. Difficulty:—we can't teach, because we don't know. We are in a corner with but one way out. *We must learn* what we should teach. How? Well, let us form ourselves into a college, or club, or what you like. You remember Hood's 'A-B-C-Darians'? Now it's simply the A B C of many things we wish to learn. Once organized, we shall see our way to the next step. Even in the small party here to-night, some know something of geology; some are at home in the by-ways of history; what we cannot evolve from our midst, we must get from outside, and either recruits or professional folk must be pressed into service; recruits would be much the best, for they would learn as well as teach. Then, when we are organized, we may consider whether our desire is to exhaust a single district in the way suggested, or to follow some other plan. Only, please, if it's to be a district, let it be a wide one, so that our intercourse be confined to 'speaking' in passing, like ships at sea! Don't, for pity's sake, let it be a social thing, with tennis, talk, and tea!"

"Suppose we do enrol ourselves as A-B-C-Darians, how frequent do you think should be our meetings?"

"We'll leave that question; in the meantime those in favour of Mr. Morris's motion, that we form ourselves into a Society of 'A-B-C-Darians,' for the consideration of matters affecting the education of children—the parents' part of the work, that is—will signify the same in the usual way."

"Carried unanimously! Then A-B-C-Darians we are!"

## SECOND EVENING'S DISCUSSION.

"We have listened to you, gentlemen, with great deference. We have profited much, and perceive a great field of work before us. I hope we may get a little outside help. I heard the other day of a young lady learned in mosses who is in the habit of taking the children she knows on 'mossing' expeditions. But what I wish to say is, Education, like Charity, begins at home, and you have chosen to lead us far afield at the very outset!"

"Truly, we did go off at a canter! But don't you think 'tis a matter for curtain discipline? If your son Tom had not 'wondered what you are,' we might have begun quite at the beginning, if there is one; or, most likely, should have been till this moment wondering where to begin! We are grateful to you, Henderson, for starting us anywhere; and more so to Mrs. Henderson for her axiom, Education begins at home; then, dear madam, to home we hie us, and may we see what to do when we get there!"

"I daresay experienced people get to know all about it," said Mrs. Clough; "but the mother of even two or three little ones has a sense of being at sea without rudder or compass. We know so little about children, or, indeed, about human beings at all! Parents before our time had something to go upon; and the young mother could ask counsel of her elders on all matters from 'cinder tea' to the choice of a school. But now science is abroad; many of the old wise saws turn out, not only mischievous, but ridiculous! We can't keep hold of the old, we can't get hold of the new, and there we are, like Mahomet's coffin!"

"You have described our quandary exactly, Mrs. Clough! And what you say accounts for many things. The older people complain that the children of these days are growing up lax, self-pleasing, disobedient, irreverent. Now, I think myself there is a great deal that's fine in our children. They are much more of *persons* than we were at their age; but that they do pretty much what is right in their own eyes, are neither obedient nor reverent, nor even respectful, is, I am afraid, a true bill. But don't you see how it is? We are afraid of them! We feel as a navvy might, turned in to dust the drawing-room ornaments! The mere touch of his clumsy great fingers may be the

ruin of some precious thing. We parents, no doubt, get tenderness and insight from above to enable us for our delicate work; so I suppose it is our own fault that the children are beyond us."

"How do you mean, Mrs. Meredith? And if you, mothers, don't know what to do with the children, who does? The enlightened father lays himself out for a snub if he sets up for an authority at home."

"Oh, yes! you men make ludicrous blunders about children! But that's no help. A young mother gets a tender human creature into her keeping, full of possibilities. Her first concern is, not only to keep it in health, but, so to speak, to fill it with reserves of health to last a life-time. At once her perplexities begin. I shall not even ask to be excused for venturing upon details; the affairs of a young human being are important enough to engage the attention of Queen, Lords and Commons, did they but know it! Well, a mother I know wished her child to be clothed delicately, as befits a firstborn. She sent to Ireland for a delicious baby trousseau of lace and cambric. You gentlemen don't understand! Well, hardly had the dear little garments gone through their first wash, when somebody tells her that 'oo' a' 'oo' is the only wear for babies and grown ups. I doubt if to this day she knows why, but there was a *soupeçon* of science in the suggestion, so the sweet cambrics were discarded and fine woollens took their place. By and by, when the child came to feed like other mortals, there was a hail of pseudo-science about her ears. 'Grape-sugar,' 'farinaceous foods,' 'saliva,' and what not; but this was less simple than the wool question. She could make nothing of it, so asked her doctor how to feed the child. Further complications arose: 'the child sees everything;' 'the child knows everything;' 'what you make him now he will be through life;' 'the period of infancy is the most important in his life.' Poor Mrs. Cath, my poor friend, grew bewildered; with the result that, in her ignorant anxiety to do right, she is for ever changing the child's diet, nurse, sleeping hours, airing hours, according to the last lights of the most scientific of her acquaintance; and 'tis my belief the child would be a deal better off brought up like its mother before it."

"Then, Mrs. Meredith, you would walk in the old paths?"

"Not a bit of it! Only I want to see where I'm going. I think we live in an age of great opportunities. But my con-



tention is, that you cannot bring up children on hearsay in these days ; there is some principle involved in the most everyday matter, and we must go to school to learn the common laws of healthy living and well-being."

"Mrs. Meredith is right : here is serious work sketched out for us, and of a kind as useful for ourselves as for our children. A-B-C-Darians, all, we *must* learn the first principles of human physiology !"

"Would not it do to learn what is called Hygiene ? I have a notion that is physiology made easy ; that is, you are just taught what to do, without going *fully* into the cause why."

"No, we must stick to physiology : I don't believe a bit in learning *what* to do, unless founded upon a methodical, not scrappy, knowledge of *why* we do it. You see, all parts of the animal economy are so inter-dependent, that you cannot touch this without affecting that. What we want to get at is, the laws for the well-being of every part, the due performance of every function !"

"Why, man, you would have every one of us qualify to write M.D. to his name !"

"Not so ; we shall not interfere with the doctors ; we leave sickness to them ; but the preservation of health, the increase in bodily vigour, must be our care. In this way, we acquaint ourselves fully with the structure of the skin, for example, with its functions, and the inter-dependence between these and the functions of certain internal organs. Now, secure vigorous action of the skin, and you gain exhilaration of spirits, absolute joy for the time, followed by a rise in the sense of general well-being, *i.e.* happiness. You remember how a popular American poet sits on a gate in the sun after his bath, using his flesh-brushes for hours, until he is the colour of a boiled lobster, and 'more so.' He might be more seemly employed, but his *joy* is greater than if daily telegrams brought him word of new editions of his poems. Well, if due action of the skin is a means to a joyous life, to health and a genial temper, what mother is there who would not secure these for her child ? But the thing is not so simple as it looks. It is not merely a case of bath and flesh-brush : diet, clothes, sleep, bedroom, sunshine, happy surroundings, exercise, bright talk, a thousand things must work together to bring about this 'happy making' condition. What is true of the skin is true all round, and we cannot go to work with a view to any single organ or function ; all work together : and we must aim

at a thorough grip of the subject. Is it, then, decided without 'one if or but,' that we get ourselves instructed in the science of living? The A-B-C-Darians are unanimous!

"The 'science of living'—yes! but that covers much beyond the range of physiology. I think of the child's mind, his moral nature, his spiritual being! It seems to me that we already make too much of the body. Our young people are encouraged to sacrifice everything to physical training: and there is a sensuousness well hit-off in George Eliot's 'Gwendoline,' with importance given to every detail of the bath and the toilet. One is weary of the endless magnification of the body and its belongings! And, what is more, I believe we are defeating our own ends. 'Groom' the skin, develop the muscles, by all means; but there is more to be thought of, and I doubt if to live to the flesh, even in these ways, is permissible."

"Right, Mrs. Meredith! But don't think for a moment that physiology lends itself to the cult of muscle. Here is a youth whose *biceps* are his better part: like most of us, he gets what he aims at—some local renown as an athlete. But what does he pay for the whistle? His violent 'sports' do not materially increase the measure of blood which sustains him: if the muscles get more than their share, their gain implies loss elsewhere, to the brain, commonly, and, indeed, to all the vital organs. By and by, the sports of youth over, your brawny, broad-chested young fellow collapses; is the victim of *ennui*, and liver, lungs, or stomach send in their requisition for arrears of nourishment fraudulently made away with."

"But, surely, Mr. Meredith, you do not think lightly of physical development? Why, I thought it one of the first duties of parents to send their offspring into the world as 'fine animals.'"

"So it is; but here, as elsewhere, there is a 'science of the proportion of things,' and the young people who go in violently and without moderation for muscular feats are a delusion and a snare: in the end, they do not prove 'fine animals;' they have little 'staying' power."

"But a child is more than an animal; we want to know how mind and moral feelings are to be developed?"

"Even then, Mrs. Tremlow, we should find much help in the study of physiology—mental physiology, if you like to call it so. The border-line where flesh and spirit meet seems to me the new field—an Eldorado, I do believe—opened to parents and to

all of us concerned with the culture of character. I mean, the habits a child grows up with appear to leave some sort of register in his material brain, and thus to become part of himself in even a physical sense. Thus it rests with parents to ease the way of their child by giving him the habits of the good life in thought, feeling, and action, and even in spiritual things. We cannot make a child 'good,' but, in this way, we can lay paths for the good life and the moral life in the very substance of his brain. We cannot make him hear the voice of God, but, again, we can make paths where the Lord God may walk in the cool of the evening. We cannot make the child clean, but we can see that his brain is nourished with pure blood, his mind with fruitful ideas."

"I suppose all this would be encouraging if one were up to it? But I feel as if a great map of an unknown country were spread before me, where the few points one wants to make for are unmarked. How, for instance, to make a child obedient, kind, and true?"

"Your question, Mrs. Tremlow, suggests further ground we must cover: a few set rules will be of little service; we must know how much there is in 'human nature,' and how to play upon it as a musician on the keys of his instrument. We must add to our physiology, psychology, and, to psychology, moral science. Complex, yet most simple, manifold, yet one, human nature is not to be ticked off in a lecture or two as a subject we have exhausted; but there is no conceivable study which yields such splendid increase for our pains!"

"And the spiritual life of the child? Does either of these 'ologies' embrace the higher life, or is it not susceptible of culture?"

"Ah, there we have new conditions—the impact of the Divine upon the human, which generates *life*, 'without which there is no living.' The life is there, imparted and sustained from above; but we have something to do here also. Spirit, like body, thrives upon daily bread and daily labour, and it is our part to set before the child those 'new thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven,' which should be his spiritual diet; and to practise him in the spiritual labours of prayer, praise, and endeavour. How?—is another question for our Society to work out."

(After some further discussion the A-B-C-Darians adjourn.)

CHARLOTTE M. MASON.

## The Reproach of Annesley.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

"Give me the man that is not passion's slave."

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### PART VI.—CHAPTER IV.

#### FACE TO FACE.

BRIGHT visions passed before Gervase Rickman's mental gaze as he drove from the station in the chilly dusk, dreams in which love played a great part, but ambition a greater.

In winning Alice he had won the desire of his heart, a desire that would never have grown to such mighty proportions but for the difficulties which hedged it round. The wedding-day was so near now, that something of the coolness of certainty pervaded his thoughts of it ; he had even got so far as to pity himself with a pity tinged by self-commendation for the sacrifices his approaching marriage involved. He knew that he ought to look higher than Alice Lingard now ; personally she was all that even his wife should be, but, although her family was superior to his, she brought him no aristocratic connections, such as he needed. The marriage might even hinder him from strengthening such connections as he had already formed, while, as for her little fortune, which had once been so desirable an object to him, it would scarcely make any difference to a man whose successful financial operations were daily assuming grander, though more perilous proportions. His marriage was indeed a most virtuous act. Alice was not so young as she had been ; life had taken the freshness from her beauty, such as it was, and stamped her features with an indelible record. Yet he well knew that beauty had never been her greatest charm, but rather an inward some-

thing, which, when it touched men's hearts, bound them to her with irresistible force ; a certain air about her, a way of moving, smiling, speaking, or being silent, which filled the surrounding atmosphere with grace, and forged adamant chains about the souls of her lovers. Virtue, in Rickman's case as in others, would bring its own reward. For a deep, seldom-heard whisper from the very depths of his heart told him that while he clung to Alice he had not quite done with his better nature ; if he let her go, he would part with the last restraints of conscience, a thing, it must be confessed, which is a terrible inconvenience in a career of political ambition.

That ambition, insatiable as it was, was, nevertheless, in a fair way of being gratified. It was scarcely a year since he was returned for Medington, yet he had effected much, especially during the recent battle over the Conservative Reform Bill. In and out of the House he had done yeoman's service, recognized as such by the leaders of the Opposition. He had been ubiquitous ; attending and speaking at meetings here and meetings there, adding fuel to the fire of political agitation, which at that time blazed fiercely enough, and he had been particularly useful at a bye-election in which his party won a seat. Mrs. Walter Annesley had renewed many of her former aristocratic acquaintances in late years, and had given him excellent introductions, of which he had made the best use. He was well adapted for climbing the social ladder ; he had good manners, tact and observation, fluent speech and ready wit, and was absolutely impervious to the impertinence of social superiors, when it suited his purpose, otherwise a person whom it was on the whole wise to respect. He was a brilliant speaker, his voice daily improved, and no amount of labour exhausted him.

Thus, with a long vista of political success opening brightly before him, and the prospect of domestic happiness filling the near distance, Gervase drove up to the door of his father's house that autumn evening, and, knowing the family habits by heart, went lightly up the stairs to the drawing-room, where he thought to find Alice alone. When he opened the door and saw her standing with that strange look and despairing gesture in the mingled lights of the fire and the solitary taper, though something in her aspect gave him a shock, he supposed her to be alone ; it was only when she spoke that he made out the dark figure of Edward Annesley confronting her in the dimmer light of that further part of the room.



"Gervase," Alice said, gazing full upon him without any salutation or preliminary whatever, "when I told you on the down that day that I had refused Edward Annesley solely because of what you witnessed on the banks of the Doubs six years ago, why did you tell me that I was *quite right*?"

These two syllables, which had so often echoed painfully through his conscience, were uttered with so keen an incisiveness that they cut into him like knives. Even his ready resource and iron nerve failed him for the moment, and he stood speechless, looking involuntarily from her to Annesley, as if for a solution of the enigma. The latter returned his gaze with a stern unbending contempt that failed to sting him in the anæsthesia which results paradoxically from such excessive pain as Alice's look gave him.

"Why," continued Alice, with a passionate scorn which told all the more from its contrast with her usual demeanour, "did you tell me that afternoon on the scene of Paul's death, that it would be to Edward Annesley's discredit to reveal what actually occurred?"

"Discredit," he returned, recovering his self-command, and taking refuge in a quibble, "was not the word, if I remember rightly. We are not alone, my dear Alice; you seem to be a little upset."

She looked at him with increasing contempt. "Why," she continued, "did you assure me that Edward Annesley loved your sister and had never more than a passing fancy for me?"

"My dear child, do consider times and places a little. If I told you that, it was doubtless because I believed it. I was not alone in taking that view of the situation."

"Why," she went on, "did you persuade Edward Annesley that I loved his cousin?"

"I was not alone in that opinion, either," he replied with a forced smile. "Captain Annesley," he added, "perhaps you will do me the favour of going into another room. Miss Lingard, as you perceive, is not in a condition to receive visitors."

"Quite so," Edward replied, taking his hat, "I will choose another time to finish my interview with Miss Lingard. My presence," he added with unwonted sarcasm, "must be excessively embarrassing."

"No, Captain Annesley," said Alice, in the same incisive

tones, "you will not leave this room. While you are here that man, false as he is, dares not deny the truth of what I say."

Gervase turned very pale, and all the sweetness seemed to vanish out of his life for ever. It was difficult to vanquish this resolute spirit, but he had the gift of knowing when he was beaten. He recognized the hard fact that nothing, not even his strong imperious will, could now win Alice back. He heard the knell of all his better aspirations in her words.

"Stay, Captain Annesley," he said quietly, "since Miss Lingard wishes it; though lovers' quarrels are not usually conducted in public. Perhaps, Alice, I may be permitted to ask why these reproaches are suddenly hurled at me in the presence of a third person?"

"Because that person has suffered the most from the web of falsehood and intrigue you have been weaving all these years," she replied.

"And he has come to complain to you," returned Gervase. "Don't you think, Annesley, it would have been more manly, to say the least of it, to tax me openly with whatever you have against me?"

"I have taxed you with nothing," he replied. "I came here with the intention of replying to a question Miss Lingard asked me some years ago, but have not found it necessary to do so. I have simply handed her a letter, which explained all she wished to know."

"You were in the confidence of both cousins," continued Alice, "and you abused the confidence of both. You were in my confidence, and you abused that."

"By loving you and purposing to make you my wife."

"Which you will never do," she replied, drawing a ring from her finger, and giving it to him.

Edward, who, since Gervase's request to him to leave the room, had been divided between the feeling that the request was reasonable and a desire to protect Alice, whose wish that he should stay showed a certain fear of being alone with a man so treacherous, now decided that the only becoming course for him was to go. He had already reached the door, when Sibyl, who had just been informed of her brother's arrival, opened it and came in.

"Captain Annesley!" she exclaimed expecting to see Gervase only. "Oh! Gervase—Why, what is the matter, Alice?" she added.

"Dear Sibyl," replied Alice, suddenly calming to more than her wonted gentleness, "we have just had a severe shock. Paul Annesley is not dead."

"Not dead!" exclaimed Gervase. "Why I saw him die. Alice, you do not know what you are saying."

"It is quite true," added Edward; "he was swept out of sight and washed ashore alive. I have seen him. He will probably be in England before long. He has become a Roman Catholic, and entered a religious order, and a great deal has to be done before he can obtain permission to visit his mother, as he wishes to do."

Sibyl listened with such eager interest in her glowing face as if her life hung on Edward's words, and then on a sudden burst into tears. "O Edward!" she sobbed, "the truth must come out now, and your name will be cleared for ever. I always knew this hour would come."

"You always believed in me, Sibyl," he replied, with a little quiver in his voice while taking the hand she frankly offered; "I think I never had a truer friend. I only care really for what my friends think of me."

Sibyl only smiled her gentle smile in reply, though she could not quite recover her calm, and Alice looked at them with a strange expression not devoid of reproach.

"This is nonsense," said Gervase; "if Paul Annesley didn't die, why in the world should he disappear?"

"He was tired of his life," Edward replied.

"He thought," Alice was explaining, "to make atonement to the friend he had injured——"

"Alice," interrupted Edward, "that is our secret, remember, between us two and Mr. Rickman."

"It will soon be no secret," she replied; "that is why Paul is coming to England, as he tells me in his letter."

"The whole story is incredible," said Gervase impatiently. "Do you mean to say that Paul Annesley is a monk? He will have some difficulty in proving his identity here. No one who knew him would believe anything so preposterous. Paul, of all men in the world, to turn monk indeed! Some monk is humbugging you, Annesley, for the sake of getting the property. Besides," he added, "no religious order would receive a man without a pension."

"He was not without money," Edward explained. "The diamonds we saw at Neufchâtel were in his possession."

Altogether he had about a thousand pounds, as well as professional knowledge which would be useful to a friar."

Yet Rickman believed the story. Only a letter from Paul, and nothing that Edward could have told her, accounted for Alice's strange behaviour to himself. The superscription of the letter was shown him, and he admitted that it was a good imitation of Paul Annesley's handwriting.

He then left the room ostensibly to tell the news to his father, who was happily absorbed in his favourite studies and ignorant of all that was passing.

Edward had yet to break the intelligence to Mrs. Walter Annesley, for she had refused to admit him when he called that afternoon. He hoped to get an interview in the evening, and was hurrying off for the purpose of making another trial.

"I broke my news too roughly," he said, in wishing Alice good-night, for his hard manner to her vanished after her stormy reception of Gervase. "It was not a pleasant duty, and that spoils the temper," he explained.

Alice looked down, then she looked up with her eyes clouded with tears. "I owe it to you," she faltered, "to tell you *all*—how I came to misjudge you. But not now."

"Some day," he replied with increasing gentleness, "you shall tell me. When you feel inclined."

"Alice," Sibyl asked when he was gone, "what led you to misjudge him? There is some mystery behind this."

Alice took Sibyl's bright face in her hands and kissed it with a tenderness that almost surprised her.

"Never ask, Sibyl," she replied; "let me as well as others have the benefit of your loyal trust. You are the best friend *I* ever had or ever shall have."

A few minutes later Alice was in the hall, pacing restlessly to and fro, and trying to collect the fragments of her shattered world, when Gervase issued from his father's study, closing the door behind him, and approaching her.

"I shall return to town at once," he said, thus relieving her from a great embarrassment; "I have told my father that I found a telegram awaiting me here."

"It is plain that we cannot be under the same roof again," she replied.

"You will never forgive me," he added gloomily. "Jacob was never forgiven for stealing *his* blessing, though he got the blessing nevertheless. You asked me why I deceived you, Alice," he

added, his voice deepening and touching her in spite of the loathing with which his perfidy inspired her. "It was because I loved you with such a love as men seldom feel. I cannot tell when it began—years before either of the Annesleys thought of you ; it never faltered—never. You never had and you never will have a more constant and devoted lover——"

"Oh, hush, Gervase!" she sobbed, "do you think I am made of stone? Were you not my only brother and best friend? Are you not your mother's son? Can you not think what a bitter thing it is to have to think ill of you, to know of your cruel falseness?"

"No," he interrupted quickly, "I cannot; you are stone in comparison with me. You can never even picture such a passion as mine to yourself, cold, hard, immaculate woman that you are!"

"Gervase!"

"Listen, Alice," he said, collecting himself and curbing the fierce passion in his voice. "You have three lovers, and, woman-like, will probably choose the worst. Of these three, one attempted murder for the love of you; one lied for your sake, though not for your sake alone, for Sibyl's happiness was at stake; and one"—here he smiled a sarcastic smile—"he who saw and loved you the latest, did not think it worth while so much as to clear himself from a dreadful imputation for your sake. Which of these three, think you, loved you the best?"

"He who loved honour and loyalty more," replied Alice proudly and without hesitation.

"And he proved it when he offered himself to another woman, who had the good sense to reject the cold-blooded——"

"Hush, Gervase! things are bitter enough already," Alice broke in; "do not embitter them more by idle words. Let us part in peace."

"Peace!" echoed Gervase with a scornful laugh. And he looked at the hearth fire in silence awhile.

When he spoke again his mood was altered.

"Alice," he said gently, "do not let Sibyl despise me."

"I will tell her nothing that I can avoid to your discredit, Gervase," she replied.

"I have said nothing of breaking off our engagement yet. Put it as you please, but do not break with them, if you can help it. I hope you will not leave them; my father ages visibly. We might part with a mutual conviction that we were unsuited to each other," he added with a sardonic smile.



So they agreed, and then Rickman's carriage drove up, and Mr. Rickman and Sibyl came into the hall to see him off.

"Good-bye, Alice," he said in his usual quiet manner, when he had parted with his father and sister.

"Good-bye," she replied in a faint far-off voice.

She stood on the steps and watched the carriage till its lights diminished to points, and were finally swallowed up in the dense dark night; while Gervase looked back at the graceful figure standing in the fan-shaped light streaming from the open hall, till the bend of the road swept it from him, and his heart ached with a heavy despair.

Ambition, wealth, success, power—all was nothing now without Alice.

## CHAPTER V.

### RESTORATION.

If one could picture the feelings with which a disembodied soul, re clothed in the frail garment of its mortality, would revisit the scenes of its earthly life, one might form some idea of the sensations which thrilled the heart of Paul Annesley, when, after setting in motion the machinery necessary to permit any irregularity in the life of a friar, he found himself in England, clad once more in the long disused and almost forgotten personality which he had put off when, to use his own expression, he left the world. Brother Sebastian, using another language, thinking other thoughts, deprived of name and fame and liberty, not only of action, but in a certain degree of thought, branded as it were with the tonsure, and dressed in a garb which further stamped him as one set apart from common human interests, voluntarily undergoing a penal imprisonment more severe than any inflicted on the vilest criminal in civilized states; this poor, mortified, unmanned, if you will, and certainly half unhumanized Sebastian, who yet enjoyed a peace Paul Annesley had never known—albeit a peace too deep, too like an opium-trance to be wholesome and natural—had become a familiar friend, while that fiery-hearted, undisciplined Paul was a stranger, and the once familiar faces which surrounded that Paul and his once familiar habits and thoughts were even more strange to Sebastian.

It needed no little courage in one so disaccustomed to personal freedom and so weaned from the stir and friction

of ordinary life, once more to face the world, especially in a land of heretics ; but Sebastian, after five minutes' conversation with his cousin, whom he had questioned as to his life with an eager rapidity that soon laid the whole situation bare to him, was too firmly convinced of the immediate necessity for repairing the wrong he had unintentionally committed to hesitate an instant. The duty was equally obvious to his Superior fortunately, since the Superior was the spring that set in motion the cogs and wheels of the machinery which effected his brief escape to the world.

In this dear little self-complacent island of ours, where to see a nun was till late years the rarest occurrence, and where the garb of a monk is unknown, we have fallen into a pleasant habit of assuming that these cloistered lives have passed away with the shadows, sorrows, and discomforts of the middle ages. Some of us have a hazy notion that printing, steam, electricity, and the latest scientific dogma have put an end to all that, and that the prophecy of Victor Hugo's printer, who looked from his press to *Nôtre Dame* and said, "*Ceci tuera cela*," is fulfilled ; in face of the fact that this majestic building, the imperfect and Gothic symbol of a faith which is for all time, still stands, as it has stood for ages, unhurt, though revolutions have rushed past it in bloody waves, and the clang of invader's arms has more than once echoed through it.

Yet these phases of religious feeling still exist ; unoffending monks and nuns are just as real, though not such insufferable nuisances, as the frantic Salvationers who make day and night hideous with profane bawlings in our streets ; monks and nuns are in fact content to plague themselves, and leave their neighbours in peace. Thus when Medington folk saw a gentleman in ordinary clerical attire, with shaven face and a skull cap beneath his hat, and were told that this was a veritable friar, the thing seemed to them like a fairy-tale, more especially when they were bid to recognize in this calm clergyman the familiar form and face of Paul Annesley, that smart and gay young doctor with the black-bearded face, the ready speech, and genial though stately manners they once knew ; and many were inclined to doubt until they spoke to him. Even then it was an eerie thing to hear the voice of a man so long reckoned among the dead, and whose sole visible link with his former self appeared to be a scar on the face ; a man who had so closely followed the counsel of Thomas à Kempis as to have literally stamped out his passions

as we stamp out flames—briefly, to have killed his veritable self, leaving little more than a husk of acquired habit behind.

He remained some time in England, for he had much to do; and not only in the little world of Medington, but also in London and at Chatham, where his cousin was stationed and where he visited him, the two appeared constantly together, so that the old scandal, which had embittered almost every relation in Edward's life for so many years, was publicly put to death and done away with for ever. It was now clear that Paul Annesley had not even been killed, much less murdered; it was equally clear that he would not be on terms of such intimacy with a man who had tried to compass his death. The fact of his burying himself in a cloister gave a motive, however crazy, for his disappearance, and disposed people to believe that his desperate leap into the Doubs was voluntary and probably suicidal in intention. There were many theories on the subject, but the most generally accepted was that a sudden bound from poverty to wealth had developed the hereditary tendency to insanity, a tendency further aggravated by the fatal woman known to be the cause of all human disaster. The woman's name varied, but on the whole was unknown. It had been said from the first that Rickman knew more than he cared to say upon the matter there had even been a doubt as to whether he had not borne false witness in the Court of Probate when giving the evidence of Paul's disappearance and supposed death, necessary to obtain probate of his will. Although there was still a mystery concerning both Edward's whereabouts at the moment of his cousin's disappearance and his obstinate silence upon the subject, the mystery was no longer interpreted to his discredit.

Edward Annesley did not accomplish his pious intention of breaking the news of her son's restoration to Mrs. Annesley, since that inflexibly vindictive woman resolutely continued to shut the door in his face. The task was therefore transferred to Alice Lingard, who fulfilled it with the tenderness and tact to be expected of her.

When the fact that her son lived finally burst upon Mrs. Annesley, she seemed stunned and sat silent for a long time.

"If he lives," she said at last, "why is he not here?"

"It is a long story," Alice replied, half-frightened at the absence of joy, or any other emotion on the mother's part. "He was—unhappy——"

"Why was my son unhappy?" asked Mrs. Annesley, fixing a cold and terrible regard upon Alice.

"His letter will tell you," replied Alice, trembling inwardly.

"Give me that letter."

"It is in Edward Annesley's possession——"

"A forgery of his—I curse the day that young man entered this house," she cried, going white with anger.

Alice tried to soothe her. "A great change has come over Paul," she said presently. "He is now very religious."

"That is indeed a change," his mother replied with involuntary sarcasm. "But why did he not return to me after his accident? Surely he could not have been imprisoned, kidnapped in a civilized country like France?"

"No," replied Alice, "he wished—he—entered a religious house."

"What do you mean, Alice Lingard?" she exclaimed in horror and agitation; "you cannot, dare not say that my son is a monk!"

"Dear Mrs. Annesley, do not think of that; remember only, that your son was dead and is alive again—that you will soon look upon his face——"

"Never," she cried, "never will I look upon the face of an apostate, an idolator, a shaven, craven fanatic. Better, ten thousand times better, he were in his grave—better anything than this. He is no son of mine—a Papist, a monk!"

"Your only son, your only child," Alice said reproachfully.

The woman was human after all, and burst into a passion of weeping painful to see, but less painful than the cold anger which went before and made Alice shudder to her heart's core.

Suddenly she stopped and turned upon Alice. "I see it all now. You did not love my son," she cried, "and that made life worthless to him."

"No," she replied, "I never pretended to love him, save as a friend. I grieved for him when he was lost. I tried to supply his place to you."

"You drove him to despair, you robbed me of my only child," she cried; "the curse of a childless widow is upon you, Alice Lingard."

"Do not say such things; you will be sorry hereafter. The shock has overpowered you, you do not know what you are saying." Alice did not know how to comfort her, when she

remembered that Paul was, after all, dead to the outside world.

Mrs. Annesley was silent, smiling a bitter smile, and Alice rose and left her for awhile, hoping that she would calm down. She herself needed the relief of solitude after this emotional strain, and going out into the garden, she sat beneath the yellowing linden-trees and gave way to tears.

She accused herself of having driven Paul Annesley to despair, she did not reflect that his own unbridled nature had done the mischief. She had spoilt three men's lives, and been the cause of guilt and misery unspeakable, though through no fault of her own. She could not love more than one—at least at a time; and she certainly could not marry more than one. She had loyally striven to suppress her own inclinations and make the most worthy of the three happy, and she had made them all miserable. She who could not bear to give pain, even when most necessary and salutary, seemed fated to mar instead of blessing the lives of the men who loved her. That these three men should set their hearts upon her was hard, and surely no fault of hers. It was not as if she was so very beautiful, she reflected; Sibyl was infinitely prettier and more pleasing; Sibyl charmed wherever she went with her grace and sparkle; but Sibyl did not kindle these deep and terrible passions in men's hearts.

Though she had certainly tried to bring herself to listen to each of them in turn, until each in turn had proved unworthy of a good woman's regard, she had never tried to attract either; ready as her sensitive conscience was to accuse herself and excuse others, she could not lay that to her charge, she knew well that she had none of the graceful and unconscious coquetry which was one of Sibyl's distinguishing charms; in her smallest actions as well as thoughts she was transparent and straightforward to a fault. It was true that she had resigned her heart to Edward too quickly, at least the world would say too quickly; though Alice knew in her inmost heart that women have less power than men to withhold their affections, and not more, as a brutal conventionality assumes; that the deepest and best attachments arise in this sudden and spontaneous way; but she had never tried to captivate him, had rather held aloof from him in her proud self-reverence. Why then had all this fallen upon her, why was she the evil fate in the three lives which were each in a way so dear to her?

When Alice had reached this point in her meditations, the



sound of Daniel Pink's words returned to her mind, "It seemed that hard!" She saw the shepherd's weather-beaten face, its ruggedness subdued by a sublime trust; she thought of his hard life and his many sorrows; she saw him watching his sheep in the frosty morn-light, as he had related, and the remembrance of what he had told her quieted the rising murmurs in her heart.

She rose and returned to Mrs. Annesley, bearing in mind the desolation and disappointments of a life that was too near the downward verge to have much earthly hope, and prepared to suffer ingratitude and upbraiding in silence.

Mrs. Annesley finally consented to receive her prodigal in consequence of a letter Gervase Rickman wrote her. In this he condoled with her on the unfortunate turn Paul's religious feelings had taken, and made some observations on the zealous proselytism of the Romish Church, and of the esteem in which English perverts were held at the Vatican, using the names of Wiseman, Manning and Newman, to point his moral and adorn his tale. Instantly on reading this, Mrs. Annesley beheld a vision: she saw herself the mother of a cardinal, and relented.

Paul, daily besieged with tracts and masses of controversial literature, and bombarded by arguments which he heard chiefly in respectful and aggravating silence, passed some time beneath his mother's roof, scandalizing the maids by sleeping on the floor and using no linen, but otherwise conducting himself like an average Christian, save that he was always going to chapel on week-days. At his instance, Edward was also received by his stern aunt. But she did not forgive him; the true history of his part in her son's virtual death made her hate him more bitterly than ever.

When Paul finally left England, his mother felt his loss even more severely than when she had supposed him dead; and, being no longer sustained by the prospect of vengeance, gradually declined in health and died in the course of a few years.

Brother Sebastian found most sympathy and comprehension in Edward. Though the latter did not doubt that Paul had done wrong in running away from the trouble he had brought upon himself, and wrong in renouncing the duties and responsibilities of his life, he saw that he could not turn back. Much as he disliked anything approaching to asceticism, he was inclined to think that a nature so fiery and so destitute of self-control

needed the iron discipline of monastic rule, as a confirmed drunkard needs the restraint of an asylum, and the habit of total abstinence. Moderation seemed impossible to such a man. But these lenient views of monasticism were spasmodic, and were held generally after conversations in which the friar had spoken with burning and eloquent enthusiasm of the joys of self-renunciation, of his hopes and aspirations, of the prospects held out to him of more active employment, in which his medical knowledge and other talents would be devoted to the service of men; and explained to him that friars differed from monks in combining the active with the contemplative life, a fact which was hard to drive into his obtuse Protestant understanding.

At those times it was impossible even for a practical hard-headed Englishman not to see that Friar Sebastian was a nobler being than Paul Annesley; though in cooler moments he thought with pity and regret of his lost friend, Paul, and was inclined to wish him back again, faults and all.

After an interview which Paul had with Alice in the Manor garden one day, he gave up striving to banish her from his thoughts, and suffered her to remain there till the last hour of his life. He was surprised and glad to find himself quite calm in her presence, and recognized that the terrible yearning which once so distracted him was quite dead, and succeeded by a pure and tender regard, so free from selfishness and so content with absence, that even one vowed to give up all human ties need fear nothing from it. He gave her a little crucifix, which she wore ever after, and his face at the end of that interview had a more humanly happy look than it had worn for years. When he returned to his community, he was so changed by this painful but wholesome contact with the world that the brethren scarcely knew him. From that time all austerities not imposed by the rule of his order ceased, and he regained his former bodily and mental health. And if he regretted the vows he had taken, no human being ever knew.

Besides removing the imputation from his cousin's name, Paul had much to do to put him in possession of his property. First he had to prove his identity and come to life legally, which was a troublesome business; then he had to execute a voluntary conveyance, transferring the bulk of his landed property, which, as was mentioned before, was not entailed, to Edward Annesley, as well as a deed of gift, by which his mother became the legal

owner of such property as had been assigned her by his will ; a portion of his property he reserved for himself as an Englishman, and yielded to the fraternity as a Dominican friar. Those who received him into the community had consented, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances—amongst them his condition that he could not take the vows if that involved touching the property he had renounced to his cousin—to be content with the small fortune he was then able to bring.

All these things, as may readily be imagined, were not effected without time and patience, and the aid of learned and expensive lawyers. The last circumstance is agreeable to reflect upon, because humane people like to think that somebody—if only a stray lawyer—is benefited by the changes and chances of this mortal life.

When, after that pleasant interview with Alice, Brother Sebastian went to the house to make his farewells to Sibyl and Mr. Rickman, Alice remained behind alone in the garden.

She was not a monk, but a young living woman, with a warm and tender heart, and what had passed between her former lover and present friend and herself had stirred that heart to its depths. She wandered slowly along the garden paths, through the wicket to the meadow, until she found herself under the dark roof of the pine-trees; which swayed gently in low and solemn music above her head.

It was winter, and the quiet grey day was drawing to a close, the mild air taking a sharp edge as the sun sank. She paced the dry soft carpet of fir-needles, with her faithful dog by her side and a growing happiness in her heart. Her youth had been troubled, and she had borne a heavy yoke in riper years ; that yoke was now falling from her shoulders, and life, which had been so bewildering and difficult, began to show a clear and easy path for her weary feet—feet still young, though so wearied by the stony mazes they had trodden.

Sibyl and Mr. Rickman had taken the breaking of her engagement with Gervase more gently than she could have hoped ; Sibyl had even said that she always regarded the match as a mistake on both sides ; Mr. Rickman had comforted himself with the reflection that he should not lose her. But he no longer clung to Alice as he had done ; he flung himself more now upon Sibyl, which, after all, was more natural and desirable. Sibyl's affection for Alice was as great as ever, but from that time Alice observed that a distance arose and gradually widened

between the brother and sister ; she supposed that Sibyl had some intuition of the truth, a suspicion increased by Sibyl's silence upon the relations which had existed between Gervase and herself.

The grey sky overhead broke into pearly fragments, tinted with gold and rose towards the west, where the glowing sunset seemed to have consumed the last speck of cloud ; the fir-trunks looked incandescent in the warm glow ; Alice's face was doubly transfigured with radiance from within and from without, while she thought of all that had passed, and how of the three caskets, the lead, the silver, and the gold, the best was hers, and listened to the tranquil country sounds, the hum of the threshing-machine in the yard below, the voice of the cowherd calling the cows by name and trudging home with the last pails of milk, the evening song of the robin, pathetically cheerful, the cheery good-night of a labourer going homewards past the farm-yard.

Then she heard another and well-known footstep, beating quick even time on the lane which led by the meadow to the back of the house, and a mellow voice singing—

“Hearts of oak are our ships,  
Jolly tars are our men.”

The song stopped, for the singer caught sight of her figure over the hedge in the evening glow, and he went into the meadow instead of going to the house, whither, with the ostensible purpose of announcing the approaching marriage of his sister Eleanor with Major McIlvray, he was bound.

Alice turned towards him, the sunset clothing her in raiment of living light ; they had scarcely met since the stormy evening when he brought Paul's message, and thus he had not heard the story she had then promised to tell him. It seemed but a moment from Edward's first sight of her figure in the evening glory till when he stood by her side beneath the soft murmurs of the pine-roof, thrilled through and through with exquisite happiness.

“Dearest Alice,” he said, after some preliminary words had passed, “I think you are going to take me after all. I never could believe it possible that we should live apart, even when we were most parted. But tell me first why you so disdained me ; how in the world did you come to think me such a mean sneaking fellow ? Some of Master Gervase's work, no doubt.”

Alice looked distressed and turned her face towards the sunset behind the black hills, till her features were transfused and etherealized in the lucid glow.

"I wronged you," she replied, "and owe you some amends. Otherwise I would not speak of it."

He did not like this distressed look. "Why," he asked, "should you hesitate to expose one of the greatest scoundrels that ever breathed? Alice, you don't mean to say that you ever cared for that"—he was obliged to stop for want of a sufficiently powerful epithet. "I know that he schemed and worried you into an engagement."

"I cared for him very much, and I promised his mother on her death-bed, but I never loved him," she replied.

"Well, poor fellow! after all it must have been a great temptation. My dearest Alice, you are quite sure that you never loved him?" he added with a relapse to anxiety.

Alice smiled, and Edward's heart again admitted extenuating circumstances in Gervase's case. She then gave him a brief but complete narrative of the manner in which Gervase had blinded her, had twisted circumstances and misrepresented events until she had been obliged, in spite of an underlying inner conviction to the contrary, to accept Edward's imputed guilt as truth. And whenever Edward's indignation rose to boiling-point, a look in Alice's face was sufficient to make him regard the delinquent with charity. But when, at his earnest request, she told him of the steps by which she had gradually been led into the engagement, Gervase once more became a villain of the deepest dye.

"But after all," he commented at the close of the recital, "he had a more thorough and lasting feeling for you than could be expected of such a scoundrel. And Paul cared only too much for you. It was more like infatuation with them; not that either of them ever loved you as I do and did from the very first. It is strange that a woman should have such power," he reflected after a pause; "it is not as if you were so unusually beautiful."

"Really!" Alice commented with an amused smile.

"Because," he added, surveying her with unmoved gravity, "you are not."

Yet the Alice before him to-night was not the worn and sorrowful woman he saw when he brought the tidings that Paul was alive. The beauty of youth, with something that youth,



with all its graces, cannot have, had returned to the face upturned to him with a serious sweetness full of latent laughter. She was touched in turn by the change which had since come over his face—the grim defiant look of late years was gone, the old genial expression replaced it. Not Ulysses under the touch of Athene was more brightened than Edward now the burden had fallen from him. This changed look, with many subsequent hints from him, helped her to guess what he had suffered in silence, and made her feel that no devotion on her part would be too great to atone for what had gone by.

"No," he continued gravely, "it is not beauty alone. If you do but turn your head, one's heart must follow, and when you speak, it goes to the very centre of one's heart."

"And yet you wanted to marry Sibyl?"

"Dear Sibyl! That rascal might have let his sister alone. He persuaded me that her happiness was in danger, and that she, as well as others, had mistaken the nature of my friendship, and I was fool enough to believe him. Sibyl is one of the sweetest creatures I ever knew, Alice."

"It appears, after all, that you would have preferred Sibyl," Alice said, smiling.

"Dear Sibyl," he repeated gravely. "But," he added, turning to Alice again with a bright smile, "she won't have me. She told me that I was in love with you. She advised me to wait. She said you were worth waiting for. She ought to know."

Alice turned her face away and was silent.

"I think no one will ever know what *she* is worth," she said at last.

"We shall never have a better friend," he added; and Alice echoed his words in her heart.

The sun sank; all the glory of its setting melted into a warm violet tinge, filling the western sky, and making the dark hill-side show darker than ever against the light; every sound was hushed save the tinkle of a distant sheep-bell; cottage windows glowed warmly in the village, showing where firesides were cheerful and suppers spread; white rime-crystals were beginning to sparkle on the cold grass, the stars had the keen brilliance of frost, wise people were indoors; yet these two lingered beneath the pines, unconscious of cold, until even Hubert's long-suffering came to an end, and his displeased whines recalled them from beatified cloudland to the solid earth.

Love begins in the warm morning of life, but does not end with

it ; though the music of birds is hushed, though evening chills come and hair is whitened by the frost of years, it is still warm and bright in the hearts of true lovers ; there the sun always shines and the birds continually sing.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CONCLUSION.

"Shart of putten of 'em underground, you caint never be zure on 'em," Raysh Squire observed concerning the re-appearance of Paul Annesley, against whom he had secretly borne a grudge ever since the irregular and uncereemonious manner in which he left the world. "Once you've a got vour veet of solid earth atop of 'em, you med war'nt they'll bide quiet. Buryen of mankind is a ongrateful traäde, but I hreckon there aint a surer traäde nowhere. Ay, a dead zure traäde is buryen," he added, not intending the grim pun.

These cheerful observations were part of Raysh Squire's contributions to the hilarity of the wedding party assembled in the great kitchen at Arden Manor to celebrate the marriage of Reuben Gale,—who, after several winters spent in Algeria in the service of young Mrs. Reginald Annesley, had outgrown his consumptive tendency—with one of Daniel Pink's daughters, a housemaid at the Manor.

"Right you be, Raysh," replied Mam Gale, "'taint often work of yourn has to be ondone. They med be ever so naïsy avore, they bides still enough when you've adone with 'em."

"Pretty nigh so sure as marryen, your work is, Raysh," John Nobbs struck in with a view to divert conversation to livelier channels.

"Ay, marryen agen," continued Raysh, irritated by the assumption that marrying was not his work, "'tain't nigh so zure as buryen ; we've a-married many a man twice over in Arden church. There's wold Jackson, you minds he, Master Nobbs ? Vive times we married en in Arden church, vive times over, to vive vine women buried alongside of en out in lytten. Dree on 'em was widows."

"I don't hold with so much marrying," observed the bridegroom, to whom these remarks were distasteful. "Once in a lifetime is quite enough for any man," he added with a profound sigh and a serious air.

"What! tired of it aready, Hreub?" inquired his grandmother; and there was much laughter and rough joking at Reuben's expense.

"Marryen," observed Raysh, when people had exhausted their mirth and were again amenable to eloquence, "is like vrostës and east winds, powerful onpleasant it es, but you caint do without it in the long hrun."

"Come, Raysh," interrupted an old bachelor and noted misogynist of at least thirty, "speak for yourself."

"Yes, speak for yourself," echoed Reuben.

"You caint do without it," continued Raysh, scornfully ignoring these interruptions, "if you wants to make zure of a ooman. A wivveren sect they be. Shart of gwine to church with 'em, and changing of their name, you caint be zure on 'em. Chop hround at the last minute they will. Look at Mrs. Annesley, Miss Lingard that was. John Cave had a-turned a coat hready for me to marry her to Mr. Gervase, and I'd a-bought a bran-new neck-cloth, and everything hready, and the church scoured from top to bottom. That was vour year ago come next Middlemass. Darned if I ever zeen Mr. Merten look onluckier than a did that day. 'Wedden,' he ses, 'there aint a-gwine to be no wedden, Raysh.' That was the first I yeard of it. Zimmed as though he'd a-knocked all the wind out of me when a zaid that. The ways of the women volk is that wivveren the best on 'em. A ondeniable sect is womankind, a ondeniable sect."

Here John Nobbs, who was at the head of the table, working steadily away at a mighty sirloin, observed that both parties had done better in the matrimonial lottery than if that wedding had taken place. "Misself," he said, "I never giv my consent to that match. 'They'll never goo in double harness,' I ses to misself, many a time when I zeen 'em together."

"Ah, Master Nobbs, I don't go with you," said Jacob Gale. "Mr. Gervase have a-looked too high. 'Tis agen nature for a man to look up to his wife. Lady Sharlett comes of one of the highest vamilies in the land, and I war'nt she'll make en mind that."

"Mis'able proud is Lady Sharlett," said the gardener. "She was out in gairden a good hour one day, and she took no more count of me than if I'd a ben a mallyshag."\*

Here the discussion of Lady Charlotte's peculiarities was cut

\* Caterpillar.

short by the entrance of Mr. Rickman and Sibyl, accompanied by Edward Annesley and Alice, the latter carrying the two-year-old heir of Gledesworth, whose birthday was being celebrated by a visit to Arden Manor, and a great drinking of healths ensued, accompanied by speech-making, in which Raysh Squire outdid himself, and the bridegroom endured a purgatory of stammers, blushes, and breakdowns.

"I cannot imagine," Sibyl remarked, when the ceremony was over and the family had left the kitchen for the garden, where they disposed themselves on various seats beneath the apple-trees, now in bloom, "why men, however sensible they may be, always look so foolish when being married."

"Don't you think they have cause, Sibyl?" Edward asked; "that a secret consciousness of their own folly——"

"Folly, indeed!" laughed Sibyl. "Now the brides would do well to look silly or else sad. Yet they never do. The shyest girl in the humblest class always wears a subdued air of triumph at her marriage. Human beings certainly are the oddest creatures."

Here Mr. Rickman expressed a wish, after a long dissertation concerning the gradual evolution of marriage rites from primitive times till now, with some remarks upon such customs as the bride presenting the bridegroom with a whip, and the throwing of rice, to see this triumphant look upon Sibyl's face before long.

"My dear papa, don't you think I look triumphant enough as it is?" she replied. "I exult in freedom; let others hug their chains. Besides, I have you to tyrannize over; what do I want with a husband to plague?"

She looked radiant enough, if not triumphant, as she stood beneath the crimson apple-blossoms, with the dappled sun-lights dancing over her, tossing the laughing boy above her curly head, her dark eyes sparkling and the rich tints glowing in her cheeks. "Marriage," she would sometimes say, in answer to such observations as this of Mr. Rickman's, "is not one of my foibles. I like my brother-men and cannot bring myself to make any of them miserable. And I like Miss Sibyl Rickman and her peace of mind, and I like to write what I think, which I could not do if married. Besides, what in the world would people do if there were no old maids?"

Edward and Alice knew that they would have been the poorer for her marriage, though they often wished it. Both were certain that she had conquered the early feeling which at

one time threatened to make shipwreck of her happiness, and this certitude made their constant intercourse with Sibyl very happy.

Alice had wished not to live at Gledesworth. She did not care for the state and circumstance of the great house, and was oppressed by its traditions. She would rather have left the property with Paul, to be absorbed by his community, or passed it on to the next brother; but Edward soon convinced her that such schemes were impracticable, that responsibilities cannot be evaded, and finally that it was their duty to live, as much as his military life permitted, at Gledesworth, which had now become a charming home, the resort of a wide circle of friends and kinsfolk.

What with the provision for Paul's mother, and the slice taken out for the Dominicans, the Gledesworth estate was so diminished that they were not overburdened with riches, and had to use some economy to meet the charges entailed by the possession of land. As for the hereditary curse, Annesley laughed that to scorn, and had many a merry battle of words with Sibyl upon the subject. The distich,\* he argued, proved, if anything, its own falsity, since Reginald Annesley's affliction ought to have broken the spell, which nevertheless continued to work upon two successive heirs after him. But Sibyl would have it that Paul had broken the spell in his Dominican convent. Very likely Reginald had been immured in a brick building, she often suggested with unmoved gravity.

"Your godson, Sibyl," Edward said, taking the boy from her arms, "will die when it pleases God, not before. And if he does not live to inherit Gledesworth, it will not be because a widow cursed his ancestors centuries ago. It may be from his own fault or folly, indeed, though he is too like his mother to have many faults. Poor Reuben's children, I grant you, may inherit a curse." And so, he thought, will Gervase's, but theirs will be the curse of a crooked nature.

Gervase Rickman was then actually walking along the grey, green ridge of down which rose behind the Manor against the pale April sky. Business had called him unexpectedly to Medington, which he still represented, and, leaving his carriage in the high road, with instructions to wait at the Traveller's Rest, he descended the slope and walked over the springy turf

\* "Whanne ye lorde ys mewed in stonen celle,  
Gledesworthe thanne shalle brake hys spelle."



looking down upon Arden and its familiar fields and trees, and upon the very garden where Alice and Sibyl were making cowslip-balls for the baby Annesley. The changeable April day clouded over as he walked and gazed, the blush of vivid green died from the trees and copses ; the plain darkened and the shadows in the hill-sides deepened. The song-birds were silent ; the melancholy wail of a plover drew his attention to a single bird, fluttering as if wounded before him, and trying in its simple, pathetic cunning to draw his attention away from the nest which that very cry betrayed.

On the bleak March day when he waited on that down outside the Traveller's Rest for Alice, he had thought much of the omnipotence of human will, and purposed to mould mankind to his own ends. Then he was an obscure country lawyer, nursing an unsuspected ambition in the depths of his heart. Now his name was in every one's mouth ; he had climbed more than one step towards the height he intended to scale. The minister whose patronage had so early been his was now in office. He had approved himself to his party as a useful and almost indispensable instrument, particularly by the services he had rendered in the last general election which had restored the Liberals to power. His financial skill was beginning to be recognized, his name had weight in financial society, which he affected. Everything he touched turned to gold. By his marriage with Lady Charlotte he was connected with half the peerage and was son-in-law to a minister. Lady Charlotte, it is true, was neither so young as she had been, nor so beautiful as she might have been, nor was she well-dowered. She was known to have a tongue and suspected of having a temper ; but she was a woman who knew the world both of politics and of society, and was the most useful wife a man in his position could possibly have. His ambition, great as it was, was being more rapidly gratified than even he had expected.

But to-day he no longer believed in the omnipotence of will and energy. He looked down upon the roofs of Arden and thought of the severe check his will had received there ; he thought, too, of the unexpectedly favourable conjunction of affairs for him in other respects, and acknowledged another power, which he called destiny. What would the first Napoleon have done, he mused, in peaceful England in this end of the nineteenth century ? If he had missed the Crimea and the Mutiny, he might have risen to be a half-pay officer ; had he

been in time for those crises, he might have been reckoned an excellent general, nothing more.

Beyond the unseen sea behind the hills rising before Rickman's eyes lay a country occupied by a hostile army and torn by revolution. Why had not destiny placed him there, where the hour was come, but not the man to rule it? An eager fancy could almost hear the far-off thunder of the war fitfully raging beyond that little strip of sea, over whose quiet waters he actually heard the boom of English guns, fired only in peaceful practice, not at masses of living men. There, in the world's beautiful pleasure city, an agony beyond all the agonies of war was slowly wearing itself out through these pleasant spring months, an agony then hidden within the walls of Paris beleagured by her own children, and never fully to be known. Gervase Rickman gave a passing thought to that tragedy and foresaw the flames and indiscriminate slaughter in which it was before long to terminate, when the Seine literally ran with French blood shed by French hands, the tragedy of an unbridled mob fitfully swayed by one or two fanatics in possession of a great city, and he wondered at the weakness of those who ought to have ruled.

Though he still believed more in men than in institutions, and scorned weakness above everything, he did not believe as he had done that day by the Traveller's Rest; his ambition had now risen from the vague of golden visions into the clearness of reality, and he could see how low was the highest summit within his reach. Yet it was the sole object of his life, he cared for nothing else. The human side of his character was paralyzed on the day when he lost Alice. It was not only that all his better instincts and nobler aspirations died the moment his life was cut off from all tender feelings and sundered from the purer influences of hers, but in losing her he had to a certain extent lost Sibyl, and drifted away from those earlier and stronger ties which begin with life itself. Sibyl, the second good genius of his life, was never again on the old terms with him. Whenever they met there was an invisible, impassable barrier between them; perhaps she knew all and despised him, as, he knew, Alice despised him.

All his life long, through wealth and power and gratified ambition, he was to bear about the heavy pain of having lost not Alice only, but her respect, of having won not her love but her bitter scorn. He looked down upon the Manor, where she

was so frequent a guest that he never went there himself without a previous intimation, lest they should meet, as it was tacitly understood they could not, and he yearned for the old days to live again, that he might act differently. Since he was fated not to win her heart, which he saw clearly now was beyond human volition, he might still have been able to look in her face and see the old tender friendly look in her eyes; and yet had he remained true to his better self, he could never have succeeded as he was to succeed when freed from scruples and rid of the importunities of conscience.

For some moments the old yearning returned with such force at the sight of the pleasant paths in which they had wandered together, that he thought he would have been content to remain all his life in that quiet spot, an obscure country lawyer, with Alice by his side, with his old father to care for and Sibyl to take pride in. Not that he did not now take great pride in Sibyl and her increasing literary reputation, but it would have been different if the dark shadow had not come between them. But Lady Charlotte, who had been his wife four months, did not like Arden. Mr. Rickman bored her, she was afraid of Sibyl and looked down upon them all; he knew that she would put them farther and farther asunder and himself farther and ever farther from his nobler nature.

He leant upon the gate by which he stood with Alice on that summer evening, when he uttered those two fatal words, "quite right," and reviewed all that episode in his life, the inclination, first springing from a sordid thought of Alice's fortune, then fostered by the charm of her daily society, and strengthened by the strong purpose with which he pursued every aim, until it became a ruling passion, the frustration of which tore away one-half of his character. He had played skilfully and daringly, and he had lost through no folly, for who could dream that a man would rise from the dead to frustrate him? Will, skill, and fate were to him the sole rulers of things human. He did not recognize that nothing can stand which is not built upon the eternal foundations of truth and justice.

Nevertheless, as he continued to gaze on the old paternal fields in which he had passed his boyhood and youth, a vague regret for what he might have been, had he been only true to himself, rose and mingled with the piercing sense of loss and moral humiliation, which never wholly left him, and he turned from Arden and walked on. Now his face was towards Gledesworth,

which lay unseen behind the down, and he gave one jealous passionate thought to the life Alice was living there with Edward Annesley, who was now no more shunned or shadowed by the reproach of an unproved accusation, and yet another thought to the strange death in life of Paul Annesley.

And just then the coast guns boomed over the peaceful waters again, recalling his thoughts to the tragedy beyond the sea. The group in the garden below heard the same low thunder, and Sibyl made some jesting allusion to the Annesley gun, which had just been triumphantly tested at Shoburness; and Edward thought of the deadly earnest with which French cannon were being fired on the other side of that sunny sea.

They did not know that, just then, under the walls of Paris, while some men wounded after a repulse were being placed in an ambulance, a shot from the fort behind them struck a friar who was in the act of lifting the last man, and killed him on the spot.

The wounded man groaned when his living support gave way, but other hands raised him, and the ambulance moved away from the dangerous spot, leaving the dead man behind in their haste. He was one of those Dominicans, who, from the first outbreak of the war, had been in the field with the French armies. In disengaging the slain friar from the man he was lifting, they had turned him so that he lay face upwards, his arms outstretched as in the restful slumber of youth, his white scapular stained crimson over the breast, his eyes closed to the spring sunshine, his scarred face wearing the sweet and peaceful smile often seen in the soldier killed in battle.

Thus Paul Annesley's troubled soul passed heroically to its rest.

Though they could not know what was happening beyond the sea, a vague sadness in keeping with the sudden overclouding of the spring day filled the hearts of those to whom the slain man had been dear, a sadness which passed like the cloud itself.

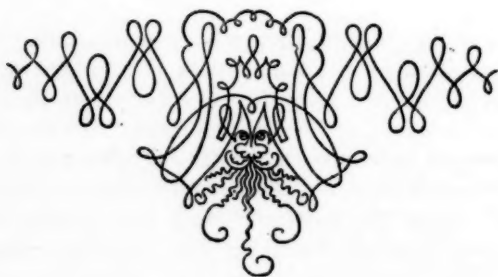
Even Gervase Rickman felt the passing gloom, and shaking off the gentler memories of his life, and walking quickly over the sunny turf where the scattered sheep were feeding, he reached the sign-post beneath which he was standing when Edward Annesley came singing by years ago. There his carriage was waiting by the Traveller's Rest, and he sprang into it and was quickly whirled out of sight.

The little group at Arden Manor were tranquilly sitting beneath the apple-trees. Mr. Rickman, forgetful of coins and antiquities, was patiently weaving daisy-chains for little Paul, who called him grandfather, and whom he loved more than the little Rickmans who came after him; Alice was relating the family news—the expected visit of her mother-in-law and Harriet to Gledesworth, the probability that Major McIlvray and Eleanor would follow them; Wilfrid's chances of promotion and his intention to marry; the appointment of Jack, the youngest Annesley, to a ship, and the recent visit they had paid to Mrs. Walter Annesley, who was growing weaker day by day; the probability of Edward's retiring from active service.

The shadows lengthened and the Annesleys went back to their pleasant home. Sibyl returned to the wedding party, led the dancing and listened to the singing, and saw the bride and bridegroom start for their new home at the falling of the dusk.

When she was sitting by the hearth with her father that night she mused on the different ways in which human lives are ordered. As days of brilliant sunshine and blue skies are rare in England, so are lives of full and unclouded happiness in this world; but there are many sweet neutral-tinted days full of peace, in which plants grow and birds sing, and the clouds break away into soft glory at sunset. Sibyl's life was like one of these serene days; it was happy and by no means unfruitful.

THE END.





## Notes of the Month.

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THE death of the venerable Duchess of Cambridge has broken the last link which connected our modern Courts with the times and traditions of George III. Her Royal Highness had been for many years the victim of a paralytic illness which confined her to her rooms in St. James's Palace. But as long as she was able to go into society, no one was more welcome there; for she combined in singular harmony the stately and ceremonious bearing of the "antique world" with great amiability of disposition, much charm of conversation, and a highly cultivated talent for music.

It is not unlikely that the Duchess's death may lead to the execution of a project of architectural reform which has long been entertained. The Duchess's rooms formed part of a mean cluster of hideous houses, ill-designed, ill-built, ill-drained, which have grown up round the quaint old red-brick palace of St. James's. Their removal would form a handsome square surrounded by the palace itself, and its much more majestic neighbours, Stafford House and Bridgewater House. The latter is an Italian palace of freestone, the residence of Lord Ellesmere, and the home of the superb collection of pictures which he inherited from the Duke of Bridgewater, "the father of inland navigation."

Stafford House was built by the Duke of York. It stands on Crown land, and is leased to the Duke of Sutherland, at the expiration of whose lease it is likely to become again the residence of a Prince. It is on the whole the finest house in London, and is described in *Lothair* under the pseudonym of Crecy House. Its splendour was the subject of a happy compliment paid to the late Duke of Sutherland by the Queen, who, on alighting at the door of Stafford House, on the occasion of a great ball, said to her ducal host, "I am come from my house to your palace."

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The laborious arguments on the preliminary question of the Archbishop's competence to try the Bishop of Lincoln are at length concluded, and His Grace must now decide either for or against his own authority. In this connection, a certain interest attaches to the letter recently addressed by the Dean of Windsor to the *Times*. The Dean—who is the late Archbishop's son-in-law—has inherited Dr. Tait's traditions. He is a devout and amiable man, who hates extremes, and dreads Disestablishment even more than heresy. He enjoys the

peculiar confidence of the present Archbishop, and those who can read between the lines discern in his letter an intimation that the Archbishop will decide that he is legally competent to try the case, and will expect all dutiful Churchmen to accept his judgment on the disputed points as authoritative and final.

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Of late, the similar but separate titles of "Buckingham," and "Buckinghamshire" have simultaneously figured in the papers, and some confusion has thereby been caused. By the death of the Duke of Buckingham, the dukedom has become extinct; and a singular distribution of his honours is effected. His nephew, Mr. Gore-Langton, becomes Earl Temple; his remote cousin, Lord Lyttelton, becomes Viscount Cobham, and his eldest daughter, Lady Mary Morgan, becomes Baroness Kinloss. The Duke's estates in Buckinghamshire, with the two splendid seats of Stowe and Wotton, are divided among his heirs.

At the same time an application has been made to the Courts to sanction the sale of Hampden House, Bucks, in order to pay the legacies left by the late Earl of Buckinghamshire. This project has happily been defeated. Hampden House, historically famous as the house of John Hampden, is one of the most interesting seats in England. It stands in groves of ancestral beech, on a shoulder of the Chiltern Hills, looking down on the Vale of Aylesbury. On the death, in 1754, of John Hampden, last male descendant, proudly described upon his tomb as "the twenty-fourth hereditary Lord of Great Hampden," the estate devolved upon the grandson of the patriot's daughter. He was created Earl of Buckinghamshire, and was the ancestor of the present Earl, who has successfully resisted the attempt to deprive him of his noble though impoverished patrimony.

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Many generations of Shrewsbury and Cambridge men will regret the decease, in ripe old age, of Dr. Kennedy, Regius Professor of Greek, and formerly Head Master of Shrewsbury. He was a splendid scholar of the old school, as elegant as he was profound; under his administration the Porson prize for Greek Iambics at Cambridge became practically the monopoly of Old Salopians; and though he was indeed a "Plagosus Orbilius," his pupils revered his high principle, and knew how to appreciate the generous and warm-hearted nature which underlay his official severity of demeanour. To him might well be applied a couplet from Sir George Trevelyan's "Horace at Athens."

"We love him, though he's petulant and cruel,  
As Radley boys adore the Reverend Sewell."

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On the 6th of April, great interest and sympathetic excitement were caused in Liberal circles by the news that Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., and Liberal whip, had won the House of Commons' steeplechase on a horse

called "Home Rule." Another aspect, however, was put on the performance, by the subsequent discovery that though "Home Rule" was duly entered for the race, he proved too fractious and violent to start; and the horse on which Mr. Flower won, though after the race re-christened "Home Rule," had been known up to that moment as "Sultan," a name suggestive of very different associations. The ingenious persons who amuse themselves with these freaks of nomenclature may be interested to learn that "Sultan" has since been declared disqualified, by reason of certain events in his earlier life. So the omens of the steeplechase are as unpropitious for the Ottoman Empire as for the Liberal Party.

The Editor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums for the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street :

|                            | £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------------|---|----|----|
| Julia and Isabel . . . . . | 1 | 1  | 0  |
| D. and J. . . . .          | 0 | 13 | 8  |
| Sympathy . . . . .         | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Little Dots. . . . .       | 0 | 3  | 6  |

#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

The Eiffel tower is now completed, and the tri-coloured flag floats on the lantern at the summit. When hoisted, it was saluted by the small cannon placed beneath, on the third platform (which is sufficiently large to accommodate eight hundred persons); where those of the visitors, led by M. Eiffel on this memorable occasion, who had succeeded in ascending so far, remained to rest, after having "done" their seventeen hundred and ninety-two steps! Many had given way before; brains and knees could no longer endure the fatigue and dizziness; but amongst those who persevered to the end, was Mdle. Eiffel, daughter of the celebrated engineer and constructor of the tower, who enjoyed her father's triumph to the very end. One "deputy," who ascended, had recourse to the rather peculiar expedient of being blindfolded and led by another. M. Eiffel led the way, explaining as he went; the full ascent lasted an hour. Very few ventured beyond the third platform; some reporters, however, followed M. Eiffel to the very top; but after leaving the third platform, the ascent is described as very distressing, and very much like going up a chimney, on iron bars placed across. The view, on emerging from this dark tube, does not seem to be as beautiful as might be imagined; everything looks too small. The city of Paris seems like a collection of toy-houses; the Seine like a silver line; human beings like scarcely perceptible black dots. The silence is absolute; not a sound is heard; this produces a very strange and impressive effect. The firing of the cannon, when the flag was hoisted, broke the weird silence in a startling manner; the echoes rolled in the

iron edifice below, which vibrated with the sound in a fashion that could scarcely be agreeable to those perched on such a dizzy height. And the coming down! This is evidently far worse than the ascent; one could fancy some nervous people absolutely refusing to move, and making up their minds to finish their lives on the top of the tower, rather than go through the horrors of leaving it!

Going down in the lift is scarcely less unpleasant; and really there seems no reason but bravado to make people go to the top; for the finest view is that from the second platform.

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Season tickets for the Exhibition may be purchased for 100 fr.; but on making the demand it will be necessary to send two photographs, one of which will be retained; the other, stamped, will serve as an entrance ticket. To non-subscribers, the price of entrance will be one franc, or two francs, according to hours.

The illuminations of the "inauguration" on the 6th of May will be particularly splendid. The first idea was to use electric light all through Paris, from the Bois de Vincennes to the Bois de Boulogne, but the enormous expense required obliged the Committee to change their plans, and to return to gas. The electric light would have cost £32,000. The present plan is to illuminate the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the Champs-Élysées, the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevards, as far as the Bastille, the Rue de Rivoli, and Rue St. Antoine, all with festoons of coloured lamps. This is not very new; but the effect will be brilliant.

On the 5th of May, the day preceding the opening of the Exhibition, there will be a grand fête at Versailles; and this is a great grievance with the Royalist party, for it emphatically celebrates the Revolution, and the downfall of the Monarchy.

On the façade of the noble palace of the French kings will be placed, with all solemnity, a marble tablet, in honour of the first sitting of the States-General—the beginning of the end. M. Carnot, President of the Republic, will hold a review in the great Cour d'Honneur, before the statue of Louis XIV. He will ascend the marble staircase, will stand where Louis XIV. stood, in the Galerie des Glaces, and will there receive deputations, make speeches, and hear others addressed to him, whilst the artillery thunders out salutes. After the ceremony, M. Carnot and his guests will lunch in the Galerie des Batailles; but that is more modern, so that his presence there will be less bitter than in the great halls which have seen Louis XIV. and his glory. Then M. Carnot will—in state—witness the play of the Grandes-Eaux. Many people think that all this outrage to the feelings of so many Monarchists might have been spared them. Will Madame Carnot rest in the rooms of Marie Antoinette, prepared by Napoleon III. for Queen Victoria? This has not been officially stated.

A charming book, and very amusing, is the volume entitled "Japoneries d'Automne" by Pierre Loti. It is not a novel, but a series of scenes in Japan; most gracefully and graphically described.

"Justice," by Hector Malot, is powerfully written, very sensational, but, in the usual sense of the word, "unobjectionable."

The "Nouveau Journal d'un Officier d'Ordonnance," by the Comte d'Hérisson, is a very interesting account of the Commune, and its horrors; in, however, too lenient a spirit, and showing too visibly a prudent desire to keep on good terms with everybody, except those who are dead and gone.

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We have to thank several correspondents for suggesting German books likely to interest our readers; we hope to give the names of some of these next month.

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The *toilettes* are still in an unfledged state, and nothing new will be seen till after Easter. The same style prevails; dresses hanging nearly straight, in broad folds, with, at most, a little drapery in front; often, the Directoire pelisse, opening over a plain tight skirt, with only a thick "*ruche*" at the bottom. Dresses are made narrower and narrower, the effect is ungraceful, but—it is revolutionary, and "*c'est la mode*"; we are celebrating the revolution, and this satisfactory circumstance must not be forgotten. Young ladies wear, in the evening, dresses of tulle, in fan-like plaits, with rows of satin ribbon round the edge of the skirt.

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Bonnets have strange mixtures of colours, such as were absolutely rejected in former days, as being contrary to the "principles" of good taste; thus, yellow and green, a combination formerly stigmatized as "omelette au persil;" yellow and black, which was considered only fit for the Zoological Gardens, as a compliment to tigers and leopards; all this is worn boldly in these revolutionary days. Bonnets of black lace, with a profusion of jet, and a large knot of buttercups, dandelions, or marigolds; pale green, with cowslips, or yellow roses. The prettiest are of grey or lilac crape, with hyacinths intermingled with the folds, just peeping out, in white, pink, and lilac; primroses of different shades are also very pretty, in large knots. The pale-coloured crape bonnets have often a velvet front of a darker shade, the effect of which is good. One struck us as particularly pretty; pale green crape and emerald green velvet, with a knot of violets, in velvet of the darkest shade of the flower; in the centre of which was a half-blown rose of the palest pink, and a little sprig of mimosa-blossoms. The effect was unusual, but very pretty.

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A little theatre, not known to general visitors in Paris, and yet worthy of notice, is the "Théâtre d'Application," founded for the purpose of exercising the best pupils of the Conservatoire in stage



business, and the make-up of a character, which they have little opportunity of studying at the Conservatoire, where they only learn detached scenes. The most promising pupils take turns to perform short plays at the "Théâtre d'Application," 18, Rue St. Lazare, where it is interesting to watch the development of budding talent; some of the pupils being really good performers even now, and all filling their parts very creditably. The plays are put on the stage under the superintendence of the best actors of the Théâtre Française, and are well chosen. The performance is short, and the price of tickets very moderate.

There will be much to see and admire in Paris this season, if the extortionate prices of hotels do not frighten away visitors; but no remonstrance is listened to, and the hotel-keepers coolly declare that they will be able to make their own terms. *Ninety thousand* Americans are expected, and these are said to submit to any amount of extortion. Even the houses which profess moderation and announce possible terms, when cross-examined, acknowledge that these apply only to the worst rooms on the top floors, and that if good rooms are desired, they must be paid for. The merest dens are called rooms; holes and corners used for blacking boots and such functions have iron beds thrust in, and are then entitled bed-chambers. On our remonstrating at the high price asked for a really comfortable room of ordinary size, the reply was: "Why, we could put *four* people into this when families come!"

The various hotels of Messrs. Cook and Gaze are the least extortionate, such as the Hôtel St. Petersburg, Rue Caumartin; the Hôtel Rapp, Avenue Rapp; and the Hôtel Longchamp, Rue de Longchamp; also the Hôtel St. Augustine, Rue de la Pépinière, and the Hôtel Excelsior. But the society will be very mixed.

Amongst Hôtel-Pensions, of a really respectable and comfortable order, we may mention *Mme. Lafond*, 14, Rue la Trémoille, Quartier Marbeuf (very good), usual terms twelve francs a day, now sixteen; *Mme. Raymond Pognon*, 7, Rue Clément Marot, usually ten francs, now fifteen; *Mme. Bellot Carol*, thoroughly quiet and respectable, twelve to thirteen francs, usually ten francs: all these in the Quartier Marbeuf, Champs Elysées. Higher up, but with convenient access to the Exhibition, the Hôtel Friedland, Avenue Friedland; also *Mme. Boulay*, Villa Beaujon, Rue Balzac; terms for good rooms fourteen francs a day, usually twelve francs; good table and well-kept house.

Many fears are entertained, however, as regards possible public commotion, in consequence of the struggle between *Boulangisme*, now called *Bibisme*, and the Government. In that case the golden harvest would turn to dust.

## Our Library List.

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THE LAND OF MANFRED, PRINCE OF TARENTUM AND KING OF SICILY. By JANET ROSS. (1 vol. 10s. 6d. *Murray*.)

The volume before us is a pleasing combination of history, romance, travel, and folk-lore, interspersed with characteristic glimpses into the quaint primitive life of the Apulian peasants, their music and poetry, and their religious superstition. Now and again we are introduced to the *noblesse* of the district—as simple in their way as the peasants themselves. We follow them into their family life or their personal history, and here we would commend our readers to refer to Mrs. Ross's sketch of the life of Duke Sigismondo Castromediano, a noble type of an Italian gentleman who, though condemned to death by the Bourbons in 1848, still lives to tell of the misery of his imprisonment and of the horrors of Mentefusco. Nothing comes amiss to the author's pen, which has something for the antiquarian as well as the historian, and for the naturalist as well as the commonplace traveller. Every town has its ancient and its mediæval associations—here is the Roman gateway, and there is Manfred's castle; now we are instructed in the habits of the nautilus, the uses of the murex, or the way to make saddle-cheese; and anon we are carried through a smiling country carpeted with flowers, or join the pressing throng of pilgrims to "Our Lady of the Inconronata." This is a book which the traveller to Southern Italy should on no account be without.

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LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE, 1826-1836, Edited by C. E. NORTON (2 vols. 18s. *Macmillan*), includes the letters written by Carlyle to his wife, mother, and brother from the time of his marriage to the practical completion of his first capital work, 'The French Revolution,' perhaps the most interesting period of his career. Extracts have already appeared in Mr. Froude's 'Life,' and the present publication of the correspondence in its completeness is partly intended as a counterblast to that famous book. Those readers who were scandalized by the diatribes, the personalities, and the wallings which Carlyle's former biographer set forth in such artistically vivid relief, may now satisfy themselves that there was generally a context of much more genial temper, and that the casual utterances of a man of genius and a humorist must not be interpreted on the same principles as an Act of Parliament or a legal document. For our own part, we think that a careful student of 'Sartor Resartus,' the 'French Revolution,' and

'Frederick the Great,' ought to have formed a conception of Carlyle's character, which is in complete general harmony with all the facts that his biographers have brought to light since his death.

The present volume contains many masterly sketches of contemporaries, and much wise comment on life. "When I hear people mourning over the gloom and misery of the times, I think: 'Poor fellows, there is a far more pitiable stock of material within ourselves than in the *times*, of which, so long as we get food and raiment, we have no right to complain.'" *O si sic omnia!*

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ESSAYS BY THE LATE MARK PATTISON. Collected and arranged by HENRY NETTLESHIP, M.A. (2 vols. 24s. *Clarendon Press*.) It is a matter for congratulation that the essays of Mr. Pattison, which were scattered amongst several periodicals, have now been collected and given to the world in this form. Although his was one of the most remarkable minds of this age, the only books he left to represent it were his life of Casaubon and his own Autobiography, which was written under the ascendancy of mortal illness. Now we have these Essays by him on various subjects, and can enjoy the rare pleasure of being in the company of a man who was as learned as he was free from pedantry. He combined the knowledge of the scholar with the insight of a man of the world, and years of reading are contained in single sentences. He writes on such well-known themes as the Calas tragedy, Warburton's battles on paper, and Montaigne's fascinating character, with a penetration and a familiarity with the essence rather than the accident of their surroundings, which give them a fresh interest. At the same time he makes the personalities of somewhat remote scholars, such as Wolf, Huet, or Scaliger, singularly interesting, and his strong human sympathies invest with life and reality subjects which might otherwise be dry.

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DRIVING, by His Grace the DUKE of BEAUFORT, K.G. (1 vol., 10s. 6d. *Longmans*), is a collection of articles by various authors, noble and gentle, on all that pertains to carriages, carriage horses, and drivers. It is, in fact, a miniature cyclopædia on these fascinating topics. The novice will find instruction, in so far as it may be conveyed in print, as to how to manage a single horse, a pair, a tandem, or a team; will learn the method in which carriages are built and the kinds that have from time to time been fashionable; and last, but not least, will gather what ought to be the cost of maintaining his stables, whether his ambition be satisfied by a pony tended by the gardener, or whether he aspire to set up a coach. In the latter case the yearly bills, exclusive of primary outlay, will not fall far short of £800. Adepts to whom these details are familiar will find much to attract them in the genial reminiscences of the noble editor, and also in the article on Old

Coaching Days, by Lord Algernon St. Maur. Lady Georgiana Curzon's contribution on Tandems is distinguished for its workmanlike simplicity and directness. Sir Christopher Teesdale, in his paper on Sleighing, is perhaps a trifle too disposed to discuss creation at large. The woodcuts by Messrs. Sturgess and Giles are excellent; Mr. Sturgess makes an occasional concession to the new aspects of animal locomotion revealed by photography.

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THE NETHER WORLD, by G. GISSING (3 vols. *Smith, Elder & Co.*), is, we think, the most powerful book which its author has yet published. The scene is laid entirely in the East-end of London, and the life of the poor is laid bare with poignant realism. There is not a page to which the most rigorous prudery could object, and yet the impression of sordid squalor, of vice and crime, is conveyed as vividly as if the author had followed the methods of M. Zola; and herein, we take it, lies the chief merit and interest of the work. The plot is carefully devised, the characters are drawn with great skill, but the reader is gradually over-mastered by the hideous grinding monotony of the conditions which enfold those who live by unskilled labour; in that stifling atmosphere noble ideals are choked or stunted, aspirations after higher things are poisoned, contentment can only be won by brutish insensibility. Yet this 'Nether World' counts its inmates by millions. Mr. Gissing has never drawn a figure more pathetic than Jane Snowdon, a soft and loving nature, sinking under the strain of the high task laid upon it by an imperious yet noble idealist. Very vivid also are the portraits of Pennyloaf Hewett, the weak, loving wife of a disreputable husband; Clara Hewitt, a beautiful egotistic and bitterly disappointed girl; and Clem Peckover, perhaps the most repulsive female in fiction.

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THE COUNTRY COUSIN, by FRANCES MARY PEARD (3 vols. *Bentley*), is a very prettily written story, to which Dr. Johnson's celebrated definition of a novel applies more closely than to most of the "works of fiction" met with in these latter days. Reading it after Mr. Gissing's 'Nether World' is like stepping out of a crowded thoroughfare into a dainty little drawing-room with the table laid for afternoon tea, and the fireplace neatly shrouded with flowers in pots. In the happy regions described, wayward girls rule supreme; wickedness seldom amounts to more than naughtiness, and a spiteful paragraph in a society paper figures as a catastrophe. Within these limits much skill is shown in character drawing, and the varied emotions which chase one another through an innocent girl's heart are very delicately rendered. The plot is briefly this; Joan, daughter of Lord and Lady Midhurst, has been educated in the country in ignorance of her own loveliness, but a visit to town speedily enlightens her as to her powers of fascination. After a brief interval she marries Sir Henry Lancaster, a very rising

politician, more for the sake of gaining increased liberty than for love. The marriage is not at first a success, and Joan is beginning to get "talked about" by the world, when her husband has a serious illness, and she awakens to a sense of her neglected duties. There are many minor characters sketched with considerable skill; and the book may be confidently recommended to those who seek gentle amusement without risk of excitement.

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THE PENANCE OF JOHN LOGAN, AND TWO OTHER TALES. By WILLIAM BLACK. (1 vol. *Sampson Low.*) Short stories are always welcome, and Mr. Black has here presented us with three, which are told with great spirit and enjoyment. The first is perhaps slightly deficient in plot, as its interest depends upon the remorse of an overstrained old fisherman, who has taken a locket from the watch-chain of a man drowned out bathing, whose clothes had been left on the beach. John Logan (the fisherman) wants the jewel as a wedding-present for his granddaughter, and takes it, not realizing what he is about; he subsequently goes through tortures of repentance, and finally travels to London to restore the locket to the relations of the dead man. We are not so charitable as Mr. Black, and cannot but fear that old fishermen in the Hebrides are not usually so tender of conscience. "Romeo and Juliet—a tale of two young fools"—the second story—tells how two lovers separated by a feud between their parents, were brought together again by a kind little *chaperone*; and the third, "A Snow Idyll," gives the romance of a young artist (out salmon-fishing) and a sympathetic young lady who are pent up together in a Highland inn. All three stories are very slight, but they do not err in being spun out, and possess some grace. The writer is particularly happy in his pictures of winter scenery in the Highlands, and his description of salmon-fishing, on which he dwells with the keen relish of a connoisseur.

